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December 30, 1939

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Collier's

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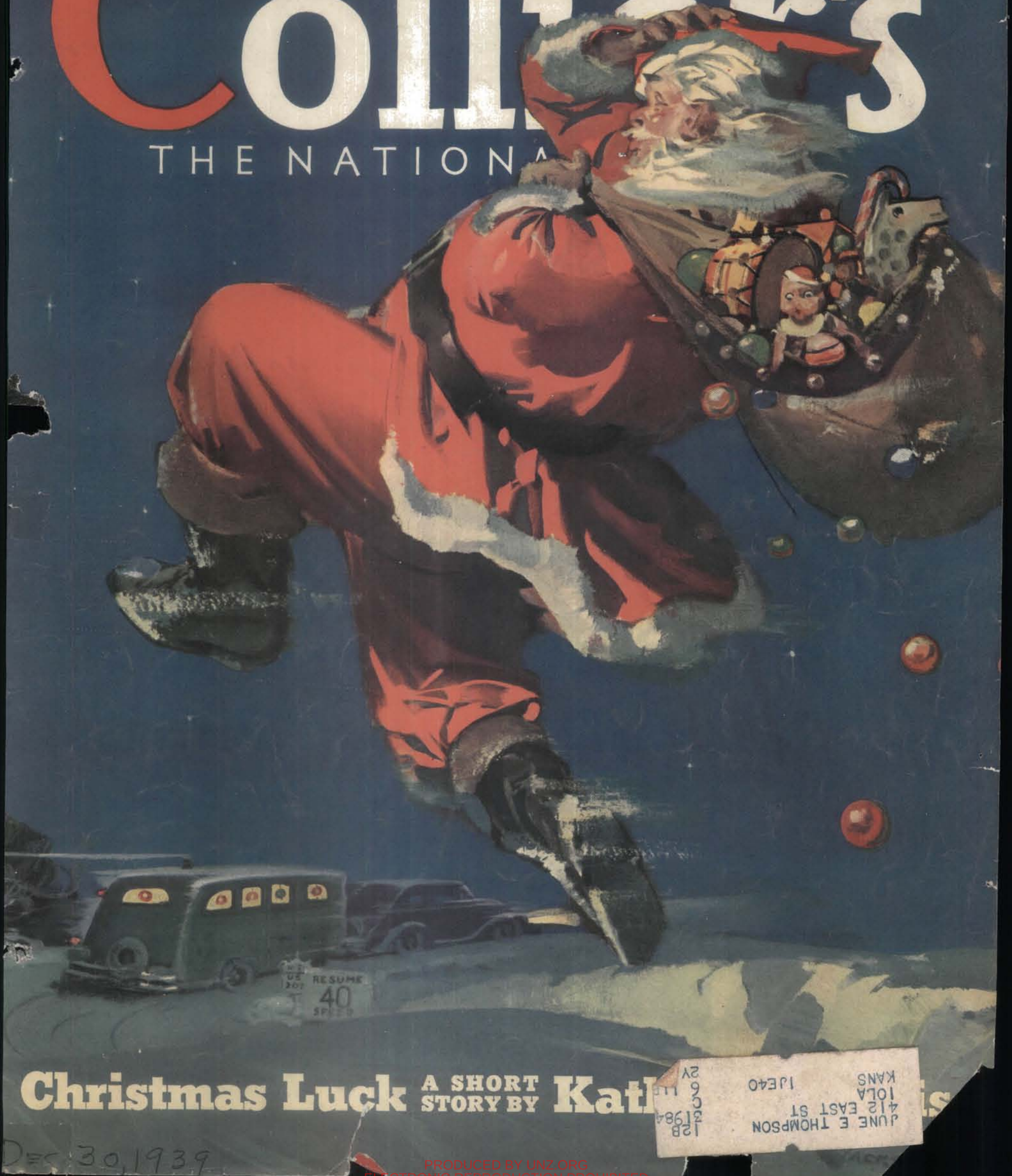

Christmas Luck A SHORT STORY BY Kath

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DEC 30,1939

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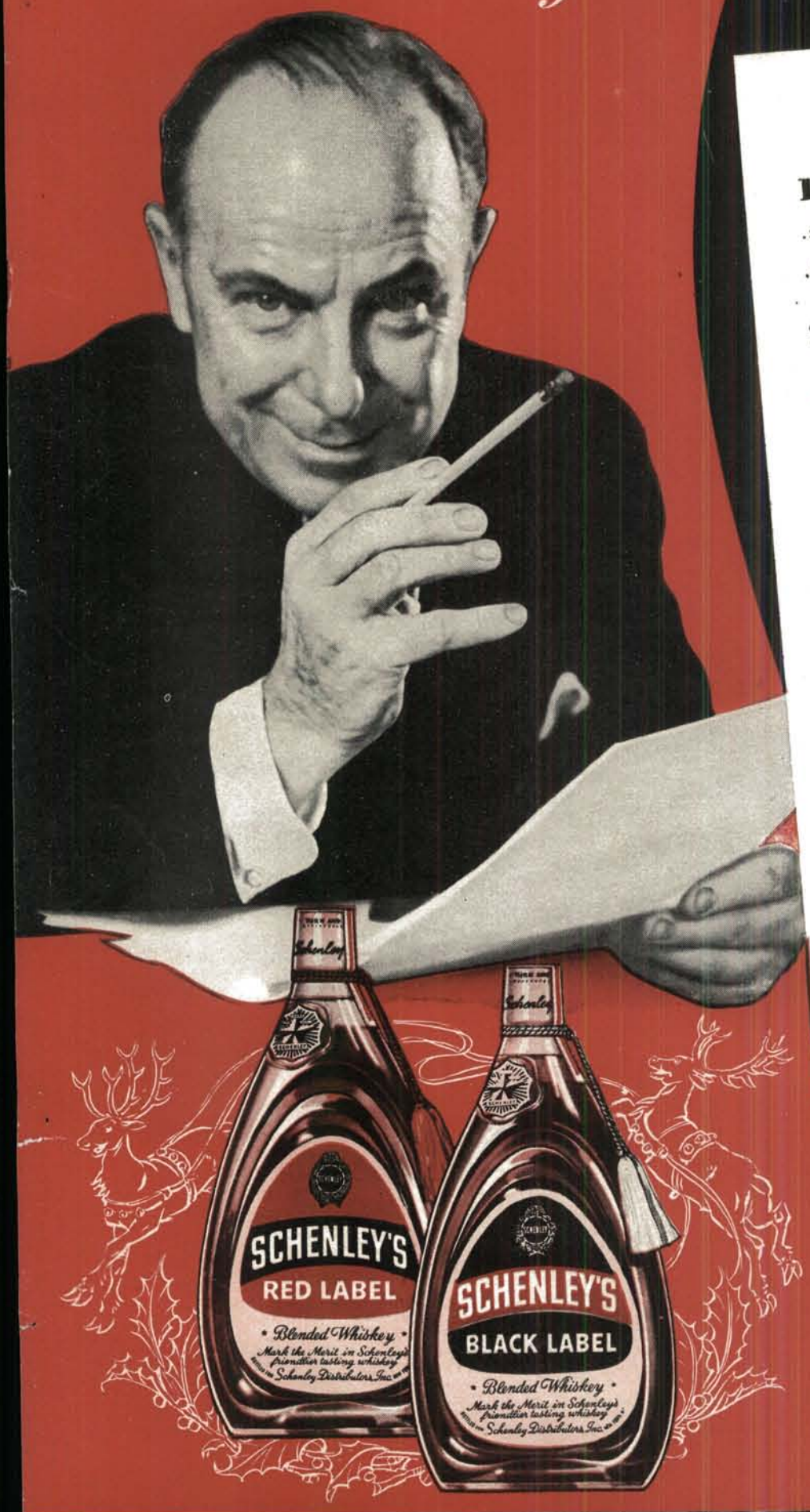
He Draws Pictures and Puppet Strings, but

TONY SARG

drew only 80% in Schenley Exam!



TRY SCHENLEY'S "*LIGHT* IS *RIGHT*" EXAM:

1. What does "light" whiskey mean? *I'd say it's like in drawing – a light, clear technique is superior to a heavy, complex one. Right!*

2. Is a "light" whiskey short on flavor? *No. Flavor, like Art, depends on character – not heaviness. Right! Rich lightness is Schenley's great contribution to the art of living.*

3. Is a "light" whiskey light in strength? *Must be — Schenley's is so easy to drink! Wrong! Schenley's light whiskies are full strength, 90 proof!*

4. How is whiskey-lightness achieved without loss of flavor or strength? *That's an art only Schenley knows! Right! Schenley's exclusive method of blending gives you exceptional richness of character with lightness!*

ONE MORE QUESTION: Do you think "Light is Right" in whiskey? *No question about that. Experience proves it!*

Tom Sarg
SIGNATURE

"Light" is Right in The Holiday Spirit!

You give *more* than fine whiskey when you give Schenley's Red Label or Schenley's Black Label. You give pleasure that will be *remembered* with pleasure—for 4 good reasons:

1. THE RIGHT FLAVOR of rich mellow whiskies.
2. THE RIGHT LIGHTNESS—achieved by Schenley's exclusive method of blending.
3. THE RIGHT STRENGTH—mild and smooth, yet full 90 proof.
4. THE RIGHT PRICE—today's best value in fine blends.

Season's greetings from The House of Schenley!

SCHENLEY'S *Light Whiskies*

SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL 65 PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL 72½ PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • BOTH ARE 90 PROOF AND **BLENDED WHISKEY** • COPYRIGHT 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

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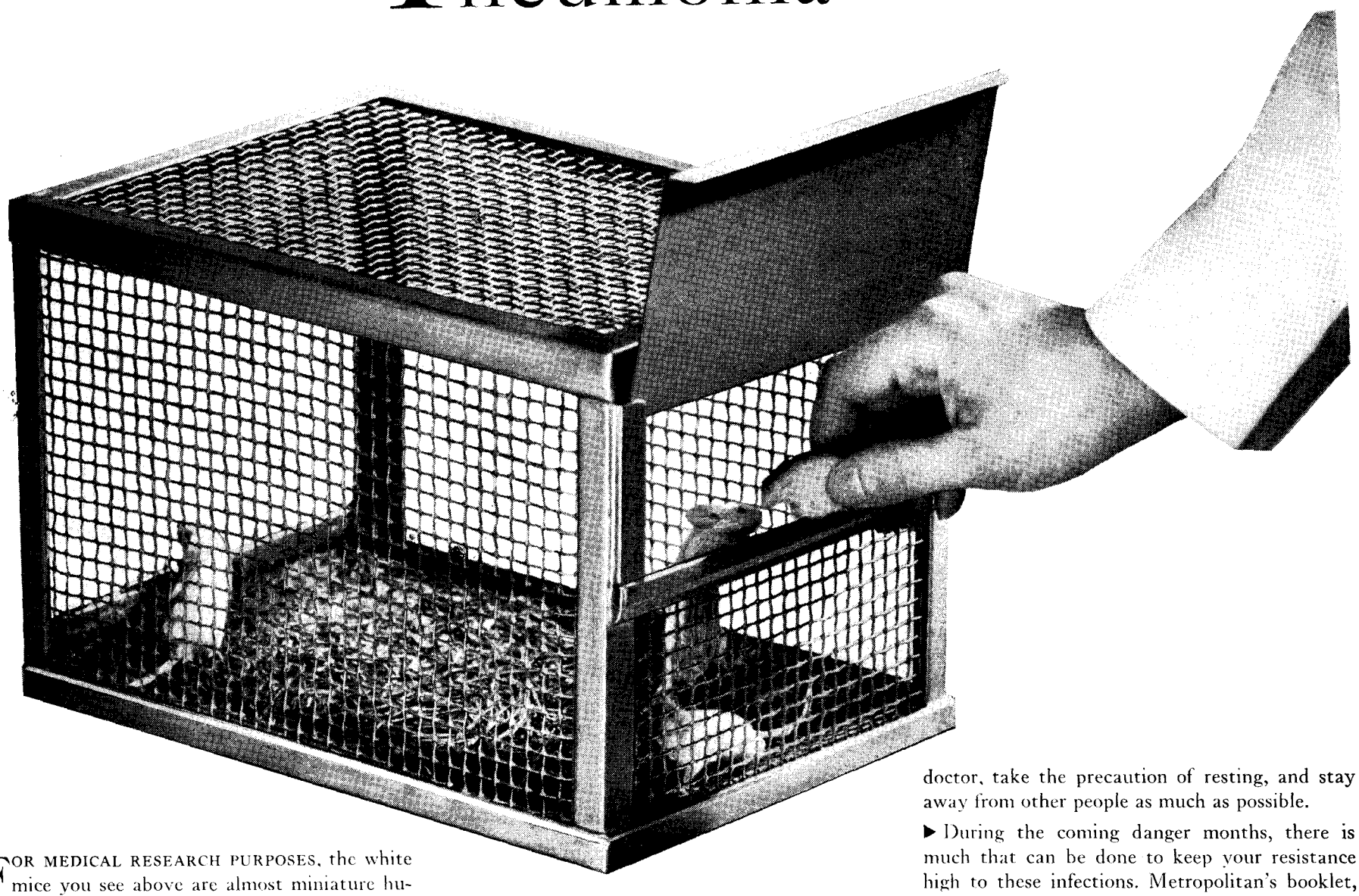
Mice and Men against Pneumonia



FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH PURPOSES, the white mice you see above are almost miniature human beings.

Their reactions to the pneumonia germ and to certain methods of diagnosing and treating pneumonia have been of invaluable help in the dramatic struggle waged by men and their little laboratory-helpers, mice, against death from this serious disease.

▶ Perhaps you do not realize how much progress has recently been made in this struggle—that the death rate from pneumonia has dropped nearly *one half* in the past ten years.

Diagnosis of pneumonia is now more certain, determination of the type more accurate. Serums have been developed which are highly effective in combating the disease—provided they are given in time. New chemical compounds also are playing an important role in the control of pneumonia.

That this progress *has* been made, that it offers so much hope of relief and cure, gives you more reason than ever for being on the alert to detect pneumonia's danger signals. More reason, too, for letting your doctor know about them promptly, and thus give him the opportunity of determining as soon as possible which treatment is most appropriate for your particular case.

▶ Though pneumonia *may* strike without warning, the most common symptoms usually appear after a cold or grippy infection or some extreme exposure or exhaustion. These symptoms consist of:

Sudden chill. Fever. Pain in side.
Cough. Thick, rust-colored sputum.
Hurried, somewhat labored breathing.

Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness which may be pneumonia. So, a doctor should be called at once. Tragic situations have resulted from delay in seeking medical treatment. Pneumonia works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippe, call a doctor, take the precaution of resting, and stay away from other people as much as possible.

▶ During the coming danger months, there is much that can be done to keep your resistance high to these infections. Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble. Fill out and mail the coupon and we shall send you this booklet free.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia."

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Collier's

December 30, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI France
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THE dynamic Wilbert Lee O'Daniel, who rode into Texas' governorship on a tidal wave of mother love, kindness and hillbilly music, is having all the usual troubles of an honest idealist mired in the hog wallow of practical politics as practiced in Texas. The biscuits Pappy was going to pass—in the form of $30-a-month pensions—haven't materialized. Nor, alas, are they likely to. And Pappy is a changed man as the glad songs of the memorable campaign are replaced by the new and mournful "Where's Them Biscuits, Pappy?" The lyric is by Walter Davenport.

MARTHA GELLHORN, en route to Finland to report for Collier's, crossed from New York to Ostend on a fourteen-day boat that took her through the submarine zone, a British blockade control port and the mine fields of the North Sea. Miss Gellhorn reports on the experience in a vivid, firsthand account of the war on the sea. It's called "Slow Boat to War" and we hope your nerves are sound.

OTHER ARTICLES: The unusual story behind the making of America's first great co-operative motion picture, "Of Mice and Men," is told by Quentin Reynolds. Frank J. Taylor chronicles the history of our cheese industry in as appetizing an article as you've ever read. James Hendy opens our hockey season with the story of Boston's amazing goalie, Frank Brimsek.

CON was adept at making the best of a bad situation—most of the old troupers hanging around on the fringes of the movies are. He could fool little Tuck easily enough, but Tuck was much too young to understand what had happened to them. It was a girl—the girl who'd once been the other half of his act—that Con really wanted to deceive. He made a pretty brave try, too. What came of it is the subject of a charming love story by Michael Foster. It's called "Double Billing."

THERE'S nothing like a good, lively scandal as an aid to getting out a cotton crop down on Little Bee Bend plantation. This one involves, of all people, old Bre'r Charlie, the peg-leg preacher. Come along for the fun. Roark Bradford is the author.

ADDITIONAL FICTION: Short stories by Frederick Nebel, Paul Schubert and Robert P. Lewis. And, of course, the serials. It's our way of saying Happy New Year.

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COVER E. M. JACKSON

Any Week

THE pressure upon us to take up arms for Europe's beleaguered democracies is growing heavier. This week, for example, we have a letter from Miss Eunice Bert Mallinson of Toronto, who goads us thus: "While the United States sits silent in smug complacency armed with cash registers instead of machine guns, even the Dionne quintuplets are fighting for the freedom of the world. Babies are carrying on the battle for you. Shame! Shame!"

FRANKLY, it is not overnoble thus to be caught cowering behind tiny skirts. And yet we shall try to conduct ourselves with such neutral dignity as our position permits. If the worst comes, we who are much too old and far too rich in physical disabilities to be shouldering rifles, will nevertheless stand stiffly at attention and shout: "Emile, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette—we are here." And we shall try to hold our painful pose until the little darlings have stopped laughing.

IN THE meantime we mend a small breach in our usually faultless accuracy. "I have read the article 'Trial Run' by Frank D. Morris," writes Mr. Robert E. Jensen of West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York. "I beg to inform you that Mr. Arthur Stack is not chief engineer of Federal Shipbuilding Company of Kearny, New Jersey, but only one of my assistant engineers, who does not give orders, but receives them from me."

WHILE we are confessing, we may as well tell you that Mr. Roger Wolfe Kahn did not write the brief on which was based the 1939 award of the Collier Trophy to Howard Hughes. The brief was prepared by Mr. A. I. Lodwick of the Aviation Corporation. Mr. Lodwick was general manager of Hughes' round-the-world flight. Mr. Kahn collaborated with other members of the Collier Trophy Committee in preparing the citation that accompanied presentation of the trophy.

IT IS none too early, we're advised by Miss Jeanne Fortier of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, to train our collective minds upon the momentous political program of 1940. And she would like to know what we think would be the greatest calamity—the election to the presidency of "a demagogue, a stuffed shirt or a crackpot." Miss Fortier mentions no names but seems to be convinced that the successful candidate will be one of the three. Generally speaking, we have always had a more tender feeling for the demagogue. He's much more fun. And, more important, he's the easiest to discredit (doing most of the job himself) and most easily disposed of. Usually, too, he has conscious humor, which crackpots and stuffed shirts lack. He is interested only in getting the job, knowing pretty well that there's no chance of enacting his boob-bait into law. We'll take the demagogue—American style with fraud sauce.

WE'RE accused of denying the right of American citizens to write postcards to their representatives in Congress. The reference is, of course, to our editorial "Government by Postcard." We did not, alas, attempt any such right-denial. But we do not think highly of legislators who get their brains by mail nor can we bubble over with enthusiasm for their constituents who think with postcards. Possibly we wouldn't have said anything about this had we not ourselves received a postcard. It's from Mr. Sim Tolley of Macon, Georgia, and Mr. Tolley says that "the senior citizens of the United States and their dutiful children are tired of whippersnappers in Congress and from now on will vote for nobody under sixty years old. Then the mothers and fathers of this country who made this country free will get their deserts."

WE HOPE not. But maybe we were trained wrong. We remember vividly what our father said to us when, somewhat against our wishes, we were taken out of a school at home and sent to a boarding school many miles away. "I don't want you hanging around here picking up my bad habits," said he. "I'm sending you away to develop your own mistakes. A man always has a better time making his own errors than he has when carrying on with some other fellow's."

FATHER was right! W. D.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Millions of orthodox Mohammedan women still do not use a looking glass because the Koran forbids the portrayal of the human body in any way or manner.

Of the 27,000 fires that occurred in 1938 in New York City, less than 18,000 caused $10 worth of damage and less than twenty spread to an adjoining building.—*By H. M. Stivers, Vinita, Oklahoma.*

To eliminate the annual damage of $500,000 to submarine cables by fishing trawlers off the coast of Ireland, the lines are now buried in the ocean bed by means of a new sea plow that automatically makes a deep furrow, inserts and covers the cable, even at a depth of 2,400 feet. —*By Clayton F. Hyde, Syracuse, New York.*

In several British munitions plants, only deaf men are employed in the shot-blasting departments because the roaring, clanging noise would soon make physical wrecks of those with normal hearing.

Iron, when made as pure as 99.98 per cent for laboratory work, still contains small quantities of twenty-seven other elements.—*By A. M. Neubert, Pullman, Washington.*

Before the Civil War, many Negroes had comparatively large fortunes. One, named Cyprien Richard, owned a Louisiana plantation worth $250,000, while another, Thomas Lafon, possessed property in New Orleans valued at $500,000.

Although only five per cent of Norway's land is arable and cultivated, the country's chief occupation is agriculture.

The record for bell ringing is held by the men who rang, from memory, 21,000 changes of eight bells each in a little more than twelve hours in All Saints' Church in Loughborough, England, on Easter Sunday, 1909.

An unusual case of food allergy is that of a scientist who develops hives when he eats strawberries in the summer, but experiences no reaction when he eats them in the winter.

The Pacifist Handbook, recently published by a group of American peace societies, explains the problems confronting and the actions being taken today by more than a million active conscientious objectors and other war resisters in this country.

The McIntyre Porcupine (gold) Mine in Schumacher, Ontario, has a fifty-ton flywheel attached to its hoisting machinery that requires thirty-two minutes to stop—after its brake has been applied.

Not more than fifteen authors have been honored by the compilation of a concordance, or a book containing an alphabetical list of the more important words in their writings with citations of the passages in which they occur. Among them are: Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Dante, Omar Khayyam, Chaucer, Pope, Cowper, Gray, Dickens and Browning.

People get so used to seeing their faces reversed in a mirror, with the right side of it on the left and vice versa, that they almost invariably select, when given a choice, a reversed photograph of themselves in the belief it is "the better likeness." —*By William Gordon, Los Angeles, California.*

Hundreds of species of deep-sea fishes will probably not be seen alive in an aquarium for many years because of the high-pressure tanks required to house them.

The number of American patents expiring in 1939 will total 38,414 and, consequently, the right to make, use and vend these machines, processes, arts and designs becomes public property forever.

Until recently, the German embassy was the only foreign office in Washington that greeted telephone callers in its own language.—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

HEINZ "ARISTOCRAT" TOMATOES
—grown from Heinz pedigreed seedlings—cross-bred for over 50 years.

A Bushel Of Reasons Why—

Heinz Tomato Ketchup Adds—

NO ordinary tomatoes—these plump, red beauties that lend their garden-fresh flavor to Heinz Tomato Ketchup! For Heinz tomatoes are pampered specimens, the result of over a half-century of crossbreeding in Heinz own greenhouses. Rushed at their peak to Heinz kitchens, these prize tomatoes are simmered down with Heinz Pure Vinegar and piquant spices to make a sauce that adds relish to any man's meal. Two bottles belong in every home—one for the table—one for the kitchen!

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP

57

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I'm giving Jim a bed of roses, *thorns and all*

I SUPPOSE it's only human for a father to want to see his son step into his shoes and take over the business that he started.

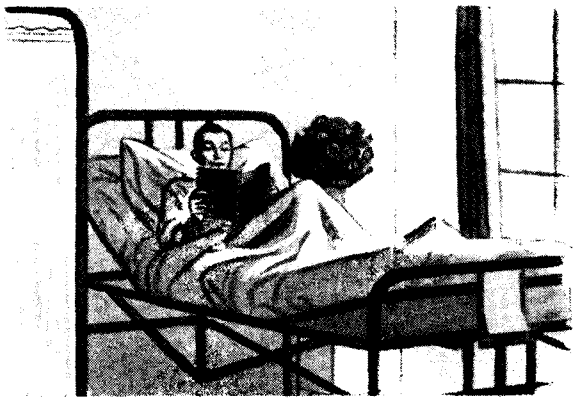
But I think the reason I'm so pleased to turn over my business to Jim goes deeper than just the desire to see the boy get along. Maybe a look at some of my old friends will show you what I mean.

Take Pete Grimm. Pete has just gone back, at 58, to the little town in New Hampshire where he was brought up. He says he's not going to do anything but sit on his front porch and watch the grass grow. He can sit there and watch it because I sold him an insurance policy 30 years ago.

Then there's Helen. Bob left her a widow with two kids when she was 34. She was still beautiful, but somehow she never wanted to get married again. She didn't have to, because I sold Bob some life insurance four years before pneumonia got him.

I get a kick out of Herb Bishop. Herb cracked up his new car and his left leg two weeks ago. I

stopped at the hospital to see him today. He's getting along swell, and said that one of the reasons was because I had left him without anything but his bones to worry about. "The car insurance you



sold me," he grinned, "is going to take care of any suits that pop up, and the accident insurance will foot the doctor and hospital bills, and pay me for the time I'm losing."

Now Pete and Bob and Herb and hundreds of others I could name, didn't buy their insurance just because I asked them to. Most of them were pretty reluctant to sign up. They put off seeing me. They said they weren't in the office when I knew they were. They got to treat me as a friend only after they realized that what I was after was not only a decent living but their own welfare.

So, though there were plenty of thorns in my bed of roses, I want my boy to do the same kind of gardening for a living. I'm proud he's going to be

a Travelers agent. And he'll know a lot more about insurance than I did when I started, because he's taking the Training Course at the home office.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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It worried him a little when she was late, even though she was twenty-three and able to take care of herself

Christmas Luck

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Ollie Baker, who wanted nothing himself, gets the finest gift a man can have

OLLIE BAKER came timidly into his own kitchen. It was four o'clock on a dark, bitter winter afternoon; several domestic activities were in full swing. His daughter Peggy was pressing a frock at an ironing board that occupied the center of the room; his son David, with his skates still on, was sprawled on a chair eating buttered biscuits loaded with jam; his wife was at the sink, soaking and rubbing iron-gray dish towels.

"There you are, Pa," said Mrs. Baker. Neither of the children spoke or glanced in his direction. As he sat down, his wife put coffee and eggs and bread before him.

"I'm having early supper," said Mrs. Baker. "Dave and me's going to the seven, and Peggy's going out."

"Dancin'?" the man asked, interested.

Peggy did not answer. She was a pretty girl and a smart one; she had a good job and many admirers at twenty-three. Her parents still felt themselves the father and mother of David, but they could not have explained the bewilderment they felt in the escape from their influence of Peggy and of the older son, Van Dyke. Nobody, passing the Bakers' building, the dark, unimaginative pile where they were housed with sixty-nine other families, could have believed that Peggy and Van Dyke belonged there.

Peggy's rich, wet curls were tied in a cheesecloth rag. The dress she was pressing was a dance frock. By these signs her father knew that she was going out for dinner and dancing and would be late. It always worried him a little when she was late, even though she was twenty-three and had always shown that she was perfectly able to take care of herself.

She had been a lovely baby, affectionate and cuddly, and a sweet little eager schoolgirl, always willing to talk with her father and tease him, always proud to be taken anywhere by him. But he seemed to have lost her of late years, and the boy too. Van Dyke and Peggy lived in a world of their own, and rarely took either father or mother into their confidences.

"Goin' dancin'?" he repeated now, more to show an amiable interest than

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in the hope of getting any real answer.

"Yip," Peggy said briefly.

He wondered if it was that Pierce feller again. He didn't like him. There were plenty of other beaux for Peggy.

"I wish you and your mother knew a little more about that Pierce feller," Cllie ventured timidly. There, he had said it! He had long wanted to say it. She shouldn't resent that, he hadn't asked for confidences, he had merely said he wished she and her mother knew more about the man.

Peggy, delicately ironing, made no answer. She began to hum.

Her mother had put two sandwiches and a vacuum bottle into a green tin lunch box with a hump in it like the cover of a sewing machine. Ollie would eat and drink these refreshments in the middle of the dark, long night, in the lonely silence of the bank vaults. After that he would walk about on a tour of inspection, and then return to his leather chair and his old copies of crime magazines. Sometimes he dozed in spite of himself, but he was not supposed to doze. Every two hours he plugged in on the time clock, and at six o'clock the day watchman would arrive, and Ollie would walk home through the biting winter dark.

He had had this job for six years, since his little hardware shop had been sold out in the bad times. Or no, not quite since then. There had been a dreadful interval of job seeking that had turned itself into an interval of hearing hard-luck stories, for there had been no jobs. Every place he went had had a list of old employees waiting to come back.

Those had been bitter times: Van Dyke fifteen, and wanting a car and a tennis racket and golf clubs; Peggy bewildered because Mamma was working in Nathan's Department Store; David unmanageable.

When Ollie had been offered his present job and a hundred dollars a month, he had jumped at both. He had been raised to fifteen hundred a year; he was filling the bill satisfactorily. But it had meant that he was asleep when the children breakfasted, and gone away before they had their dinner, and so he had lost them. They had grown to man- and womanhood meanwhile. And now they often hurt him—no, they didn't mean it, he would tell himself, but that was the way it was with children. They didn't always realize how hard things were for anyone.

WHEN they had lived in the Brewer Street cottage he had spent all his spare time gardening. Or at least puttering with paint and pickets and nails and shears and trowel in his green little yard. They had had an apple tree and some roses and a few chickens. Ollie had been proud in those days of his clean little car, his eleven hens and one rooster, his roses and marigolds and the fragrant spears of his lemon verbena. But they had moved away from Brewer Street seven years ago. The cottage looked shabby; the roses were dead and some of the pickets broken. It was occupied; it was vacant again; then two families moved in and everything that was left seemed to be wrecked at once. A sign had been on it for months: "Garage for rent." Now the whole place was unoccupied.

Other cottages down the row had deteriorated too; Skidmore wasn't getting good rents any more.

Ollie ate his food gratefully, looked hopefully at the stove.

"Any more coffee, Etty?" he asked.

"Nope. I put it in your vacuum bottle."

"They say Jacobs has sold those State Street lots, Dad," said Peggy.

"So?"

"Yip. That means Ethel will get her fox fur."

"I guess he's pretty well off, now. Know where the paper is, Etty?"

"Maybe Van Dyke took it. He was here a minute ago."

Van Dyke came in on his name. A handsome, angry-looking boy of twenty-one who was doing well, in spite of himself, with the telephone company. Van had wanted to go to college. Not a chance, he had conceded bitterly. For a while Van had pitied himself profoundly.

Now he was more interested; he had a girl. But his respect for his father had never been restored since the days when he had delivered daily papers to "help the old man out," and had seen his mother departing, harassed and hurried, every morning for her saleswoman's day. Most of his old friends had finished college now, and Van Dyke, with his four good years of business experience, had an undeniable advantage over them. But when he mentioned this at all it was with the half-indulgent, half-contemptuous observation that it was "no thanks to the old man."

David still loved his parents. David was a quiet, dull, friendly little boy, who demanded only that he should be given the maximum amount of hot dogs and milk shakes and movies, and the minimum of study, and be permitted to consider the career of an aviator. But as his father rarely was free at the hours when these occupations were possible, he had somewhat lost David too. Ollie's free evening was Friday; the hardest, busiest day for the others; he liked being at dinner with them, but afterward usually went alone to a movie.

"MA," he said. finishing eating, "I was wonderin' if we could have Christmas dinner early, say around half past four? If I win one of those turkeys—"

"The children hate an early dinner," Etty Baker said, as he hesitated.

"Yes, what's the idea of eating in the middle of the afternoon?" Peggy said, amiably enough. "I may ask Sid Pierce. He lives in Chicago; he has no friends here, and I hate him to eat his Christmas dinner in a hotel."

"You never *have* won one of those raffle turkeys, Dad," Van Dyke reminded him, in good-natured scorn; "you put up your fifty cents every year, but someone else always walks off with the bird."

"Well, I'm in two raffles this year!" the older man answered eagerly. "Over at the bowling alley—"

But Van Dyke had lost interest. He yawned, scrubbed out his cigarette on the sink, and wandered away to bathe and dress before taking his girl out for supper and a movie. Peggy finished her ironing and flitted away. Her father began to struggle into a shabby coat.

"I haven't fixed that sleeve lining for you, Pa," said his wife. "Christmas is next Monday," she went on, reverting to an earlier topic. "If we have the turkey dinner at noon, then there isn't

They were all there. There was a wild yell of welcome and they were all about him, laughing, kissing him, incoherent, eager; loving as he had never dared dream

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a real company dinner if Van's girl and Peggy's friend—this Pierce, whoever he is—come in. And I don't know but what it'd look queer to sit down in broad daylight at four or five o'clock."

"Well, guess 'twould," Ollie agreed. "But Rossiter was sayin' he was goin' to have his boy and girl home for Christmas, and the two babies of course, and that his wife was talkin' about tryin' oyster stuffin' for the turkey, and I was thinkin'—"

Like most of his sentences this one drifted off indeterminately. Presently, he took his leave, a shabby, apologetic little figure.

BUT three nights before Christmas he went home swelling with pride and loaded with twenty-four pounds of luscious good turkey. It was a Friday; he had gone around to the bowling alley in the late afternoon for the drawing, and his name had been the first called. Fifteen beautiful turkeys hanging in a row on the platform, and he had had his pick of them!

He burst into the kitchen glowing.

"Well, sir!" he shouted, "that's the time the old man won!"

Dinner was just ready; they were all there. There was a wild yell of welcome and they were all about him, pulling off his street garments, laughing, kissing him, incoherent, eager; loving as he had never dared dream his wife and children would be.

"Oh, did you win the turkey, too, Pa?" his wife finally gasped, when the first hubbub had quieted.

"Win the turkey, too?" he demanded. "Why, what else did you think I won?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" screamed his wife and his daughter together.

"Hold on to something, old man," said Van Dyke.

Ollie sat down in a chair. He looked in bewilderment from laughing face to laughing face.

"You won first prize, Pop," said Peggy.

"First prize?" he stammered. What and which first prize? He was always trying for some prize or other in a quiet sort of hopeless way.

"It's the stove and refrigerator contest, Pop," David said.

"Well, Etty, if you're gettin' your refrigerator at last I declare I think our luck's turned!" he said, dazed with pleasure.

"Refrigerator!" Peggy echoed scornfully. "Pop, wake up! You've won twenty-five thousand dollars! You've won the first prize from the nation-wide contest!"

"LOOK, Pop," Van Dyke said, sitting down near him and speaking slowly and clearly, "you worked out the hundred pictures of famous baseball stars, see? And you wrote the hundred-word article why you liked the Ruby refrigerator, didn't you, see? Well, and they chose the hundred best articles like they said they would, get it? And then they drew names out of a hat and yours came first!"

"Well, it just doesn't seem possible," said Ollie Baker. "Twenty-five thousand dollars! Why, that's more than any member of our family has ever had."

They all began to chatter and exclaim again; and they fell upon the evening meal in a gale of high spirits. Only Ollie was silent. But when they had finished, he suddenly spoke:

"Ma, the first thing you do is get your icebox. A hundred and twelve, was it? You order it tomorrow. You'd better get a Ruby while you're about it. That's the least we can do for 'em!"

"And Pop, why don't you buy yourself and Mom a house?" Peggy begged. "Then you'd never have to pay any more rent."

"Well, I don't know that I've got it through my head what's happened, yet. However," said Ollie, "I've worked on so many of these contests and gone into so many of these raffles that I've thought out before this what I'd do if ever I won anything. So I'm goin' to give you folks some idea of what I'd like and then I'll go along, and see the picture at the Tivoli, and you can kind of talk it over.

"One thing I've wanted to say for a considerable space of time," he added, clearing his throat, "is that I've seen what you've all been goin' through these last years and I've minded it—well, I guess the way any man would."

HE WAS speaking quietly, almost as if he were merely thinking aloud. But the circle at the table was fixed in complete attention.

"Well, here's what I was thinkin'," he said, rousing himself, looking about at the familiar faces. "Ma has got to have her new stove and her icebox, and that's that. Then, as to Van Dyke"—he glanced at his son—"I never went to college nor wanted to, but his grandfathers, both sides, were college men, and he wants to go. He's only twenty-one and I don't see why he shouldn't. I'd expect him to get some work in summer holidays, and for the rest I'd allow him five thousand dollars for the four years. If he's in earnest, and he's proved by the way he's held his job that he is in earnest, he'll get through on that."

"Five thousand dollars!" Van said.

"Now, as for Peggy," her father went on, "she's my only girl, and she's of age, and she hasn't had what she should have, all this time. These strapless evenin' dresses and fall ensembles that the girls are wearin' she's had to do without. She's paid for her own beauty treatments and lunches and carfare because her father couldn't do it for her. Maybe it wasn't his fault, but that ain't the point. I want to do for Peggy what I do for Van Dyke. Maybe she'll use her money going to New York, or maybe she'll go out to Hollywood and look around like she used to threaten she would. Or maybe she'll get married. If she does—but she knows how I feel about a certain individual that we've been seein' a good deal of 'round here, and she's of age, and she must use her own judgment. At any rate, five thousand dollars'll be hers, to do what she wants with.

"Ma and I'll take care of David, and he won't suffer, will you, son?"

"All I want is a .22," said David simply, and the tension of the moment broke into a general laugh.

"Gee, Dad, you are a prince!" Van Dyke said then, hoarsely.

"I just can't believe it!" Peggy said, in tears.

"No, and I just can't believe it either," her father said seriously.

"Listen, what are you going to get for yourself?" asked Peggy. "You've told us all what we'd get, now how about you?"

"Well, I've thought about that, too. I had a fine reel, once, that Sam Keeler lost for me. I'm thinkin' I'd get me a new one. I thought the world and all of that reel, and last September, when I went off with Paul Gracie after bass, I surely did miss it."

"Dad, you slay me!" said Peggy. The bell rang; she jumped to her feet. "That may be Sid."

"It may be the newspaper fellers," Van Dyke suggested. "Come on in the front room, Pop; they'll want to see you."

THEY all trailed into hearing distance; they mustn't miss a minute of this glory. A young man was at the door, a polite, friendly young man who greeted Peggy enthusiastically, nervously:

"Oh, say, hello, Peggy! 'Member me? Dick Daniels, that used to be in last-year High with you?"

"Dick, for goodness sake," Peggy answered, as pleased as he. "Well, I haven't seen you for years!"

"I've been in Chicago with my grandmother." He came in; they all looked at him expectantly. "I'm from the Ruby Refrigerator Company," he said.

His face grew red; he was explaining something earnestly. At first they couldn't understand it at all; his apologetic manner, his suddenly sobered and sympathetic face.

Gradually, sickeningly, the truth emerged. It had all been a mistake. The winning number had been erroneously given to the newspapers or mistakenly quoted by them. The newspapers had telephoned the company to get the winner's name and the number had then been corrected. Everyone felt terrible about it—about letting Mr. Baker think, even for a few hours, that all that money was his. The Ruby Company wanted the pleasure of sending Mrs. Baker their finest refrigerator absolutely without charge; they felt responsible, although every means to safeguard against error had been taken. The real winning number had been drawn by a Mrs. Elmer T. Smith, of Campbell, California.

The Baker family took this devastating announcement in different ways. David was the first to speak.

"Well, I don't care," he said hardily, "because I could tell from the way Mom looked at Dad that I'm going to get my .22 anyway for Christmas!"

Oliver Baker seemed stunned.

Peggy spoke imperiously, eyes blazing, cheeks scarlet:

"You mean Dad doesn't get anything, Dick!"

"Well, he might win one of the smaller prizes. There are a hundred one-hundred-dollar prizes and about a hundred more—watches and cameras and things. But there was only the one big prize."

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Music round the Mountains

By Earl P. Hanson and Kyle Crichton

Joe Seff is a mailman with a trombone; Wilbur Minkler, the stonecutter, saws a bull fiddle; Betty Anthony, the waitress, plays the harp. The Vermont State Symphony is the country's most unique collection of part-time artists. But they play like big-timers

ARTHUR GRIF

Cyril O'Brien, trumpet, mailman

PAUL CARTER

Mrs. Mary McNamara of Burlington, flautist, wife of a federal attorney

PAUL CARTER

Fred Keighly, trombone, barber

PAUL CAR

Gertrude Conway, cello, stenographer

VERMONT is a state which is bounded on the west by Lake Champlain and on the other three sides by maple syrup. It is a state which has produced the Morgan horse, Calvin Coolidge, soil which possesses more rocks than a decent acre could be expected to bear, and a citizenry that will respond when the roll is called up yonder by marching up to the box and dropping in a small slip marked "Republican, X." Vermont, in short, is the most conservative state in the Union.

Having fixed that fact firmly in your mind, we will now give you a picture of these reticent people in action. If you will station yourself along the road between Woodstock and Rutland on the Tuesday of any week, you will eventually see a vehicle approaching which will threaten to pop out your eyes. Upon closer inspection it will turn out to be a motor vehicle.

"Well," you will say, with an air of satisfaction. "This proves everything I ever heard about Vermont. That gentleman, as I breathe, is driving a Stanley Steamer of the vintage 1832."

And just as you have said this, the Stanley Steamer will puff by and you will get the start of your life when you see that what it has on the back seat is a bull fiddle. Further investigation will reveal that this is Mr. Paul Bourdon, Woodstock attorney, on his way to the weekly rehearsal of the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra. You couldn't find anything more incongruous if you saw a machine gun mounted on a plow, because the last place on earth you'd expect to find a group of respectable citizens sawing away on fiddles and blowing their brains out on a bassoon would be Vermont Which goes to prove, further, that anybody who talks about the monotony of American life is nuts. If Vermont can have a state symphony orchestra, Arkansas can have a ballet and one can only tremble thinking of where the movement might lead after that.

Behind every phenomenon of this kind, one invariably finds a gentleman who seems slightly touched in the head. In this case it is Alan Carter, a young New Yorker, who almost simultaneously did three things: (1) fell in love. (2) found an empty barn, and (3) decided to settle in Vermont. After a lengthy period in Europe, getting his musical education, Mr. Carter was playing in New York with his Cremona Quartet when he met Barbara Kent, daughter of Rockwell Kent, the artist. Shortly after, he was visiting Miss Kent's mother near Woodstock and it was there that he found the barn.

A Historic Rehearsal

What a marvelous place for a concert hall, observed Mr. Carter, his eyes sticking out in ecstasy. Mrs. Kent replied very sanely that if he wanted the barn for a concert hall, he could most certainly have it, since for her it was only sitting around accumulating dust. So he fixed the place up, sent for his pals in the quartet and proceeded to make a bit of change for the summer. After his marriage to Miss Kent, they decided that Vermont was the state for them and that meant doing something in the winter. Never daunted by a problem as simple as that, Mr. Carter calmly announced that he was going to form a symphony orchestra.

"Up in that godforsaken place!" cried his New York friends. "All the players you'll be able to get will be guys going oom-pah, oom-pah on baritone horns."

But Carter knew that there was a nucleus of about twenty players from an orchestra that had once been active in Burlington and for the rest he trusted in prayer. The first rehearsal has since become historical. As if they were crawling out of caves after a raid, ladies and gentlemen appeared in the full daylight and confessed that they had always wanted to play in an orchestra and here they were. There were a few good fiddlers and a great many others who played more energetically than beautifully. There were no oboes, no French horns. In place of the latter they used the mellophones from the Rutland band. There was a drummer but no tympanist. The trumpets were loud and not too accurate. What saved the day for Carter was the presence of Harlie Wilson, organist from Burlington, who filled in any missing passages with resounding chords on a piano.

It was not what any right-minded orchestra would do, but it served the purpose. In the absence of enough bassoons (the only one originally being played by Bing Pierce, a plumber from White River Junction) Mr. Carter used a combination of bass clarinet and baritone saxophone.

Anybody with the brains of an elk would have retired hastily at this juncture but Carter met the situation by a first concert at Rutland on January 8, 1936, at which Sibelius' Finlandia, Haydn's Symphony in G Major and Strauss' Emperor Waltz were played. The hall was jammed, enthusiasm was intense and the result was almost fatal, because the orchestra felt that success was assured and divided up the receipts accordingly. Each player got ten dollars and meals and transportation.

"We've been broke ever since that," says Mr. Carter ruefully. "We should have kept some of that as a reserve."

But, flushed with victory, nobody thought of finances in those days. The orchestra continued to grow. On the day of the next concert the players came trooping in from all over the state, eager to prove that art still lived in the Green

ARTHUR GRIF

Walter Clark of Montpelier is a locomotive engineer and French horn player. Below, Tom Manyan of Rutland, cellist, who is also a Vermont state attorney

ARTHUR GRIF

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ARTHUR GRIFFIN

the Vermont State Symphony Orchestr... Above, he's conducting a rehearsal

Mountains. Fred Keighley closed his barbershop in Burlington and started out with his trombone. Mary McNamara, wife of the federal attorney in Burlington, tidied up the kitchen, kissed her four children goodby and hastened forth armed with her flute. She is one of the great finds of the orchestra because she tootles as nice a trill as can be heard outside of the big-city orchestras.

Joseph Seff finished his seventeen miles of mail route and took up his trombone; Wilbur Minkler, stonecutter, put his chisels aside and loaded his bull fiddle into the back of his car; Wendell Tilden stopped for the moment being a bill collector; Frank di Pasquale left the department-store stock room where he is a shipping clerk; Mrs. Jean Haylett left her post as a saleswoman.

They came with their violins and violas, their cellos and basses, their trumpets and bassoons and French horns. They came from Rutland and Burlington; from Woodstock and Middlebury and Montpelier; they drove through rain and snow and over the windy mountain roads.

The Orchestra Goes to Town

"My! My!" said the Vermonters, who by this time were getting used to Beethoven and Brahms and were assuming a proprietary air toward this phenomenon. News about the Vermont miracle began to seep out of the mountains but it was only this year at the World's Fair in New York that the full meaning of it became apparent. At this period in the orchestra's life, things were darkest. There was no money in the treasury and the summer is not a good time for serious music.

It was then that Representative Sam Ogden got up in the state assembly and introduced a bill calling for a thousand dollars to send the boys and girls t... the...

In a stuf... locked zipp... citizens, th... posal. No other ... wasting money on ... but Vermont said, ... legislator: "Hell, they've ... job for the state. I don't ... they play when they're down there or not. Let's give them the thousand and let them have a time for themselves."

The New York critics came to the concert and sat very tentatively on the edges of their seats, prepared to gallop up the aisle in flight at the sound of the first blue note. If they were expecting a hillbilly rendition of symphonic music, they were disappointed. Instead of marching out all the old symphonic war horses, Carter played numbers by such American composers as Robert McBride, Arcady Dubensky and John Alden Carpenter, bringing the concert to a conclusion with the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Olin Downes of the Times, after recovering from the shock, acclaimed the orchestra as one of the "most important manifestations of American musical culture." Francis Perkins of the Herald-Tribune wrote: "The prevailing high standard of their playing is remarkable."

Very nice doings, indeed, and the boys and girls came back to begin their winter chores. Among the handicaps they face is the fact that only before a concert can the whole group get together. In the meantime there are two rehearsals a week, but in sections, one in Rutland and the other in Burlington. The general rehearsal is held at Middlebury.

It is a co-operative venture, run by a board selected by the orchestra. Carter gets no salary but is given five shares of the profits. The concert in Woodstock this fall brought him fifteen dollars—very neat pickings for a man who conducted the two weekly rehearsals, the general rehearsal and the concerts, driving an average of 200 miles a week all winter long.

The early comers in the audience at the Manchester Fair two years ago were amazed at the energy of the workmen who were nailing up the platform, sweeping the stage, lugging in chairs. These turned out to be members of the orchestra. They are going to play and nothing will stop them. If they don't take in enough to pay for transportation, they will buy their own gasoline. Not even the hotel man in Manchester could halt them.

They Saw Up and Down Together

This gentleman was not going to have such people in his house. "I had some of you calliope people in here before," he said. "They stole all my towels."

They fixed that up by assuring him that they were not with a carnival and cemented the friendship by giving him two tickets to the concert. He wasn't too sure what the music was about but he got all excited about "them fellers who saw up and down there all together," meaning the violins.

There has been a steady turnover in the orchestra, with better players being taken on and others weeded out. Robert McBride, the composer whose works have been played by the Boston Symphony, is first oboe for the orchestra and has now been joined by his colleague at Bennington College, Chandler Cowles, who is also an oboist. William Skeels, paper hanger from Rutland, plays the tuba. Edwin Sherrand, concertmaster, is a champion skier in those moments when he isn't teaching music. As an indication of how things work, the case of

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Good Enough

By B. B. Fowler

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The story of a hockey player who double-crossed himself to win

WILLIE DEMPSEY watched the lobby while he drank an ice-cream soda in the drugstore. He waited until Cy Bryson had turned his back and begun to talk to the stranger in the big woolly overcoat before he ducked out of the drugstore and headed for the stairway.

Excitement made Willie's heart pump faster. He threw quick glances left and right as he scuttled across the lobby. If anyone saw him now there might be trouble later.

One thing in Willie's favor was that no one ever noticed him. For Willie was one of those boys whom nature had marked for obscurity. Sometimes he tried to strut. But that only made his five-feet-four look funny and people laughed before they forgot all about seeing him. He had wide blue eyes and a mouth that hung open from much listening. Sometimes Willie talked. Mostly he just listened.

But this afternoon a new Willie was crossing the lobby toward the stairway. Willie could hear things that were not audible in the lobby; things like soft music played in the moonlight and wedding bells ringing, but most of all the soft, throaty voice of Carol whispering things that made Willie more than a little dizzy. Also, Willie had visions there in the lobby, all sorts of bright and shining visions, but above all was Carol's face with her black eyes that had once seemed so unreadable but now told Willie such wonderful things when Carol turned them on him. Carol's lips were like a rosy arch that rested permanently across his vision.

He was at the stairway when he saw Ben Japes, his full red lips puckered around a long cigar, his black eyes shrewd and satisfied, his moon face unctuously complacent. Willie saw him and felt savagery deep inside.

WILLIE often saw Ben Japes in his dreams. When he did, Ben Japes was almost always in a bad spot. Sometimes he was picking himself from the floor where Willie had knocked him, his moon face pasty, his little eyes scared as he gazed up at Willie who stood with an arm protectingly around Carol. At other times, Ben cowered with blood dripping from his bulbous nose and one eye closed as he whined for mercy from a cool and contemptuous Willie who stood with the right drawn back to inflict more punishment while the left gripped Carol's trembling hand.

Willie climbed two flights of stairs and knocked on the door at the end of the corridor. A voice inside said, "Come in."

Willie went in with his hat in his hand. He closed the door softly behind him and his heart did a flip-flop.

Carol raced across the room and threw her arms around him as she trilled, "Willie! Willie darling! I've missed you so, sweetheart." She clasped Willie very close and made soft, cooing noises.

The man across the room was thin and dark with a tight mouth and watchful eyes. He didn't speak until Carol had broken from Willie's arms, then he came across the room, shook Willie's hand and asked, "You're not going back on us, are you, Willie?"

Willie shook his head as Carol gushed, "Of course Willie isn't going back on us, Bernie."

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Willie did a half-turn and dived. He threw one arm around his ears to protect his face from the slashing skates. But Willie wasn't scared. He was filled with wonder

won't, Bernie. You know it would kill Mamma. You can't do that."

Bernie groaned hollowly. "I know it, Carol. It's got me. There's nothing I can do."

Carol laughed throatily. "Everything is going to be all right. Willie will help us. After all, what's an old hockey game compared to our happiness. And we'll be so happy, Willie. I'll love you so much, darling, that you'll never be sorry."

WILLIE'S homely pan took on an expression of beatific rapture. He found it difficult to recapture his voice. When he did, it shook and cut quavers up and down the scale. "It's gonna be all right, Bernie. After all, Cy Bryson ain't been so good to me. I'll fix this game for you. And after that Carol and me will get hitched up."

Bernie sighed. "You're a prince, Willie. You're tops. I'll never forget it. Once I get out from under I'll make it my business to see that you and Carol have no worries. You can go on a honeymoon, Willie. You and Carol can take a Caribbean cruise and listen to the palm trees while you make love under the Cuban moon."

The telephone bell rang.

Bernie answered it and his face tightened. He put a hand across the receiver and said in a harsh voice, "It's Japes. He says he's coming up. He says he ain't going to be stalled off much longer. Either Carol marries him or he sends me to the hoosegow."

Willie said, "You let that big lunk come right on up. You let him come on up and I'll hang one on his snoot."

Carol said breathlessly, "Oh, Willie darling, you can't do that. If you did that now you'd spoil everything. We've got to be nice to him till that game is over tonight. Then we can pay him off and then you can hit him for me, Willie."

Bernie said nervously, "Sure, Willie, you see how it is. We gotta kid the big lug along till we clean up on this game."

Carol pushed Willie toward the door. Before he turned the knob she threw her arms around him and kissed him dizzyingly. Then she opened the door and thrust him out into a hall that whirled around his head like a pin wheel.

Willie was just reaching the street when Japes came into the room. He flung his frayed cigar butt into a corner of the room and asked harshly, "Well, have you got the dope lined up?"

Bernie said, "It's a cinch, Ben. Carol has got him on a merry-go-round. He'd sell out his own mother if Carol asked him. Sure he's lined up. He's going to kick that game higher than the Empire State Building. That coin is as good as ours right now."

Japes shook his head. "I still don't think it's such a hot idea. When a goalie throws a game it's apt to look stinko. Somebody is going to tumble, and then it'll be just too bad."

"Now listen to me, Ben." Bernie said. "I took that up with him. I told him he's gotta make it look good. He understands that. Even a sap like Willie knows how to make it look good."

"He'd better," Ben said heavily. "We got ten grand scattered around this burg; ten grand that's gonna come back to us with twenty more if Willie does his stuff. The yokels here figure that the Panthers are gonna walk away with this game tonight. If this Willie guy slips, kid, we're gonna be busted flatter than water on a plate."

Carol came across the room with a sinuous twist of her hips. Her red lips curved in a smile of scorn. "You quit worryin', Ben. I know Willie and I know he'll come through. I've got him gaga. He'll throw the game. And he's just a smart enough cluck to do it in a way that looks good."

"I hope you're right, baby," Ben said. "Because if you're not, you and your boy friend, Bernie, are going to have to start looking for a hole to crawl into. Because it was your idea. You wanna hope Willie makes it look good."

Cy Bryson, manager of the Panthers, stopped in front of Willie in the Panthers' dressing room.

His voice sounded like some loose pieces of granite being ground together in a steel hopper: "Now, Willie, listen to me, will you? This is an important game. I want to lick these Beavers. I could do it if I had a goal tender. So I want you to go out there and give the best imitation of a goal tender that you can. If you're a good boy and don't be any worse than I think you are, and if we win, I'll give you fifty bucks and will maybe give you that contract you been yelping for."

Willie didn't answer. He couldn't tell Cy Bryson the things he was thinking. It wouldn't do at all, not with a game to throw. But that didn't make him feel less sore as he got to his feet and waddled toward the ice, growling, "I'll show the big lug. He's gonna be sorry he rode Willie Dempsey. I'll send the lug a postcard when I'm on my honeymoon to tell him what he can do with next year's contract. I'm gonna make that big bazoo sorry he ever heard of Willie Dempsey."

Frenchy Rivers didn't make Willie feel any better. Willie was standing in the net when Frenchy came down along the boards and skated slowly across the face of the net, giving Willie a tight grin and saying, "Get set, peewee. In a little while I'm coming down to drive a couple of shots down your throat."

Then Willie looked up and saw Bernie and Carol just across from him in a box. Willie grinned and murmured, "You watch and see how good I'm gonna make this." He didn't wave because Bernie had warned him about that. It wouldn't do to have anyone get suspicious.

It was funny how Willie felt as he crouched in the net, his eyes on the players as the referee faced them off for the start of the game. He had played a lot of games and had never felt as keyed up as he did now, as he prepared to throw his first one. All his nerves felt as taut as stretched wires. He felt like jittering on his skates as he flexed his knees, hunched his shoulders forward and glared up the ice.

THE referee's whistle shrilled and sent a little shiver along Willie's spine. He gripped the stick and watched the Panthers' left wing speed up along the ice. The guy wasn't going to make it. He should be passing the puck to center and not hogging it for a solo rush. He would lose it in a minute and then the Beaver forwards would be down and maybe fool the two defense men and get through on the net.

Willie shifted nervously on his feet and muttered, "Gotta make it look good. Gotta make it look great."

He gave the box across the rink a swift glance and saw Bernie leaning forward, his dark face drawn and tense. Willie grinned again. He felt very sure of his ability to make this look good.

Willie shuffled his skates on the ice as he watched Frenchy Rivers break like a rocket from behind his own net. Rivers was beautiful to watch as he stickhandled the puck past the Panthers' center and jumped into the clear beyond center ice.

Just before he crossed the blue line he snapped the puck to his left wing. It was a beautiful pass, as precise and sharp as a ruled line. The puck snapped back to Frenchy as the Panthers' defense men swung toward their respective wings. Frenchy held the puck a split second, then snapped it to his right wing who was speeding in on the net, then took it back as he drove in.

Willie heard the groan of the crowd as Frenchy shot, and his lips stretched in a mirthless grin. He was going to make this look very good, indeed. He rose on his toes and surged forward, meeting the puck with his padded chest, smothering it there with a padded hand. Then he snapped it away from him to the Panthers' wing who came out fast from behind the net and went up the ice, breaking away from the Beaver forwards.

The crowd roared at the stop and Willie smiled. That must have looked very, very good. It certainly would not look to them as if he were throwing a game.

Before the game was five minutes old Willie had discovered something. The Panthers were away off stride. And Frenchy Rivers and his wing men seemed inspired. Individually the Beaver line was red hot and their team play was clicking with machinelike precision.

Willie began to enjoy himself. This was going to be a cinch. He was going to be able to look like a hero, and when he did let one past no one would be blamed but the Panthers' defense men who seemed to have died on their feet.

There were a lot of plays he had seen big-league goalies do. Tonight Willie was free to try them all. So for the first period Willie had his own little field day. He kicked pucks away from the net with the abandon of a kid booting his first football. He leaped and slid and sidestepped as though he had springs in his legs. It was funny, but that's exactly how Willie felt tonight, as though he had springs in his legs instead of muscles.

BETWEEN the first and second periods Cy Bryson clumped into the dressing room and swept the benches with a scowl. "That I should ever live to see the day," he growled, "when you dopes would be saved by Willie. But that's what happened out there during the last twenty minutes. If Willie hadn't been playing like a fool there would be at least three goals marked up against you guys. Now, please, will you boys try to wake up and remember where you are. Because, after all, sooner or later whatever it is Willie has taken for a shot is going to wear off and he's going to get normal again."

Willie thought it was all very funny. But it ceased to be funny when Cy stepped in front of him and growled, "Willie, I'm not saying a word. I'm scared to. I'm just going to keep my fingers crossed and pray that whatever it is you got don't wear off."

It was early in the second period when Willie saw the goal coming. Frenchy Rivers started a passing attack that had the Panthers' defense skating in circles. In front of the net he took a pass from a wing and came in on Willie, his stick drumming on the ice as he dribbled the puck.

Willie knew what it meant. He wouldn't have a chance. Frenchy would carry in close, draw him out of position and flip the puck past him. Willie knew, because the same thing had happened to him many, many times during the winter.

Sharp elation touched Willie. This was one he could make look awfully good even while Frenchy was scoring. He crouched low, facing Frenchy. As the flashy center iceman came tearing in, Willie leaped forward, throwing his body toward Frenchy's stick. This would look great, even while Frenchy was snapping the puck over his prone body.

Willie landed flat on the ice and became the hectic center of flashing skates that slashed around his ears and sticks that jabbed him in the ribs and bodies that tripped across him and drove the wind out of him. Through it he could hear the referee's whistle blowing in sharp, insistent blasts.

That, to Willie, seemed very odd. The referee's whistle shouldn't be blowing

She kept one arm around Willie's neck and stroked his cheek while Bernie went back across the room, slumped in a chair and let his head sink into his hands.

"Poor Bernie," Carol said softly. "He's so worried. He's so afraid that I'll yet have to marry that horrible Japes."

ACROSS the room Bernie said, in a hollow voice, "I feel like a heel having to ask Willie to do this for us. It was all my fault. I let Ben Japes get me drunk and into that jam."

He lifted his head from his hands and said in a bitter voice, "Don't do it, Willie. And I won't let you marry Japes, Carol honey. I'll take my medicine and go to jail."

"And let poor Mamma die of shock at the disgrace," Carol said. "No, you

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"You quit worryin', Ben," she said. "I know Willie and I know he'll come through. I've got him gaga. He'll throw the game"

like that after the goal had been scored. And the players of the two teams shouldn't be tramping around him if the rubber was in.

Willie slid one hand under his chest as the skates drew back and the mass around him untangled. He found what he knew wasn't there. It couldn't be there. Willie Dempsey didn't make stops like that. But there it was. Willie looked at the puck in his hand with unbelieving eyes, then tossed it out to the waiting referee.

WILLIE glanced up and saw the crowd was on its feet, roaring in a sort of thunderous hysteria. He realized suddenly that this was for him and glanced over at Carol's box with a wide grin. This certainly must make her feel nice.

He met Bernie's black scowl and smiled. He could appreciate how nervous Bernie must be. But he didn't worry. After all neither side had scored yet. All he had to do was let one puck go by. In the meantime there was something he wanted to try.

He was almost glad when Frenchy and his wings came down and threw more demoralization into the befuddled defense. Frenchy's face was set in a grimace of strain, his lips pulled away from his teeth, brows drawn down in a hard scowl.

Just as Willie rose on his toes to leap, Frenchy snapped the puck to a wing who came in like a whirlwind on the net. Willie did a half-turn and dived. On the ice he threw one arm around his ears to protect his face from the slashing skates. But Willie wasn't scared. He was filled with a growing wonder. He had the puck under his chest again.

He got to his feet slowly and hardly listened to the shrieking of the crowd. He had discovered that he could do a lot of things that he never realized it was possible for him to do. Why, he was great. He must look almost perfect.

He tried it twice more during the period. Twice he dived out to meet a rushing forward—straight out into a maelstrom of sticks and skates and nailed the rubber each time.

In between his dives he tried new stunts. He leaped and cavorted. He batted loose pucks with the flat of his stick and speared them nonchalantly with his gloved hand. Willie was having the time of his life.

Neither side had scored yet. He could make this look as nice as he wished. He could keep this up until the last minute of play before he let one past. This was the kind of game Willie had always dreamed of playing.

Between the second and third periods Cy Bryson came softly into the dressing room. He closed the door very carefully behind him. His voice, when he began to talk, was thick and husky. He said, "Boys, I've come to apologize. I said some things to you in the last intermission that I'm sorry for. I didn't know till tonight that the whole Beaver team are your blood brothers and you love them more than words can tell. But now that I know it I want you boys to know that I appreciate your feelings."

Softness crept into his voice: "But if I catch any of you boys going any further than you have gone and doing anything like shooting a puck past Willie yourselves, or going into a cuddle with the Beavers' forwards, I'm going to be very displeased."

He turned away slowly, then stopped and stared at Willie with a queer look in his eyes, as he said slowly, "I don't know what the hell it's all about, Willie. Willie Dempseys don't turn into Tiny Thompsons just like that. They just don't, Willie."

HE WENT heavily out through the dressing-room door with the growl of the team floating after him. Willie scowled at the floor, and muttered, "The big lug. I'll fix him for that."

Willie went out toward the ice at the tail of the team. He could hear the mounting rumble of the crowd's voice. Then, as he stepped on the ice, the rumble rose to a Niagara roar. Along the edge of the boards he could see people leaning over, waving at him, screaming.

He glanced over at Carol's box and got a jolt. Carol was leaning forward, gazing at him, and there was something in her eyes that Willie had never seen before. Her mouth wasn't soft and curving and tempting. It was a hard line and her eyes were harder than her lips.

Bernie was looking even tougher. His face seemed to have frozen. His eyes were boring into Willie.

Then Willie grinned. Bernie shouldn't be worrying. After all, he had to let only one puck pass him. In the meantime he intended to enjoy himself.

For seventeen minutes of that final period Willie did just that. He enjoyed it even more than the first two periods. Because Frenchy and his wings were putting on even more pressure and Willie's acrobatics in the net hit a new high.

In the last half of the period the Panthers' forward line started to click with its plays. In the seventeenth minute of the period the Panthers' center took a pass from his wing, carried it in on the Beavers' goalie, drew him out of position and slapped the puck past him.

Watching, Willie sneered: "The poor dope. He should have come out after that one and nailed it like I do."

As the two teams faced off after a tangle at the Panthers' end of the rink, Willie leaned forward tensely in the net. Now he had to do his stuff. He had to let at least one by and tie the score and send the game into overtime, and then let the Beavers score again. He couldn't take a chance on having Japes steal his adorable Carol and shut him out of that Caribbean honeymoon. The thought of it ran like a cold trickle along Willie's spine.

He almost smiled with relief as Frenchy Rivers got the puck on the face-off and snapped it across to a tensely waiting wing who jumped to-

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ward Willie's net. This was the one to let pass.

But that goal and Willie's shining example had done something to the Panthers' team. It was as though the combination had snapped the spell that had been gripping them all night. The Panthers' center cut across faster than Frenchy Rivers had moved all evening. He hooked the puck away from the Beavers' wing, whirled on a dime and went down the rink like the tail of a comet with his two wings flanking him.

For the next minute and a half Willie jittered on his skates and groaned out loud as the Panthers' forward kept the play at the opposite end of the rink, bombarding the Beavers' goalie. Every time the goalie stopped a close one, Willie sighed with relief.

His heart leaped as he saw Frenchy Rivers coming out of the melee with the puck, headed for the Panthers' net. The Panthers' forwards were all up around the Beavers' net. They couldn't catch Frenchy now. And he was almost a sure bet to beat the defense and get in on Willie.

Then Willie lifted another groan from the depths of his tortured soul. The Panthers' center came out from behind the Beavers' net as though he had been shot from a gun. He was leaning over at a forty-five degree angle as he picked up speed. He overhauled Frenchy as though the speedy Beaver were standing still. He swept alongside him just before he reached the defense, took the rubber away from him, whirled and carried the attack back to the Beavers' end of the rink.

Willie watched that last minute of play with his heart in his mouth and in the pit of his stomach a growing dread. The world had suddenly gone very sour. Fate had kicked Willie in the stomach and as a result he was a very, very sick boy.

THE signal for the end of the game growled in Willie's ears like an immense, universal groan and a pall of wintry black covered his sky, shutting out the golden mellow gleam of the Cuban moon.

Willie started to skate out of the net. He did not dare look across at his fellow conspirators. He got only two strides away from it. Then the Panthers' team skated in and hoisted him aloft to carry him through a screaming crowd that poured out on the ice and yelled around Willie's ears.

Someone tore the stick from his hands. He lost one glove and a frenzied fan had one leg pad nearly off before the players fought their way to the safety of the dressing room.

Willie stripped harness and uniform from him with sports reporters and players banging him on the back and screaming in his ears. And there was no joy in Willie's soul. He had tried to make it look good and overdone the job.

He had been just too good. And now thoughts that made Willie feel terrible paraded through his mind.

Cy Bryson was stamping up and down the dressing-room floor, muttering, "It ain't so. It just ain't." Periodically he stopped and stared at Willie with a stunned look on his scarred face. At such times he would say, "Hurry up and get your clothes on, Willie. I've got something I want to talk to you about."

Willie wanted no part of Cy Bryson. His fifty dollars, in the face of cataclysmic disaster, looked very puny. As for the contract, Willie didn't care about any contract.

As Willie finished lacing his shoes Cy Bryson turned to speak to someone. Willie seized the opportunity, his hat and overcoat, and made a dive for the dressing-room door.

He was running up the corridor when he heard Cy's bellow behind him, "Willie! Hi, Willie! Wait a minute, you dope."

Willie made the mistake of trying to put on his overcoat as he ran. He stumbled and almost fell. That was when Cy caught him.

Cy gasped, "You damn' fool, Willie, listen to me. I've got a contract here for you to sign."

Willie wailed, "I don't wanna sign no contract. I gotta date."

Cy bellowed, "Five hundred bucks, Willie. I'll give you five hundred to sign." Willie struggled to get out of Cy's hand and Bryson yelled, "A thousand, Willie. One thousand berries," without halting Willie's struggles.

Cy was yelling, "Two thousand, Willie. I can see you're wise. I'll make it two thousand."

Calmness fell upon Willie. Two thousand was the amount Bernie owed to Japes. There would be no Caribbean honeymoon. But at least there would be Carol to love him just the same.

Willie gulped, and started to say, "All right—" when he heard voices that froze him.

He heard Carol's voice, seductive no longer, but high, shrill and angry, saying, "The dirty, two-timing little rat. The double-crossing little gyp."

He was about to rush forward in an attempt to reassure her when Japes' voice halted him. Japes was saying harshly, "It's all your fault, smart dame. You and your boy friend here were so damn' sure you had the sap gaga. I told you I didn't like it."

Comprehension slugged Willie below the belt. Bernie was not Carol's brother. And he had been played for a sap.

He tore himself loose from Cy Bryson and leaped at the three conspirators with rage putting a red mist before his eyes.

He leaped as he had leaped to make some of his great stops that night. As he leaped he swung, his eyes on Japes' bulbous nose.

He saw Japes cowering against the wall, just as he had seen him before in his dreams. Blood was trickling from Japes' nose to his white scarf and there was terror in his little eyes.

WILLIE whooped and leaped toward Bernie. He yelped as he hit Bernie and leaped again. Everything was hazy. People were milling around him. Somewhere afar off he could hear Cy Bryson bellowing.

Someone grabbed him by the collar and rushed him up the corridor toward the street. He tried to get loose, stumbled across the sidewalk and into a taxicab at the curb.

The man who lurched in beside him had a big woolly coat. This was the man who had been talking to Cy Bryson in the hotel lobby. Willie drew a deep breath and got himself set for the worst.

The man said brusquely, "You got a contract with Cy Bryson?"

Willie gulped and shook his head dumbly. He was thinking how close he had come to signing a contract that carried a whole two thousand dollars with it.

The man in the woolly coat swore, "The big highbinder. That's why he was stalling. Listen, Willie. I'm the manager of the Falcons in the big time. When I saw you tonight I made Bryson an offer for you. And he stalled. Now, kid, if you want to sign, I'll give you five thousand bucks right on the line."

Willie gulped again. "Did I look good enough for that tonight, mister?"

"Good enough," the big man barked. "Good enough! Kid, you were immense. You sign with me and the Bruins can keep Brimsek."

He glanced at Willie suspiciously, "What was the fight about? I thought I saw a dame there."

Willie nodded. "Yeah, there was a dame." He drew a long, deep breath. "It was a dame I'd been stepping out with some. But she ain't anything. She was small-time stuff. A big-leaguer couldn't hang around with a dame like her. It wouldn't look good."

WELL, IT'S TRUTH, ISN'T IT?

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

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Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE in the care of young Dr. Peter Lord and two nurses—Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins—wealthy old Mrs. Welman dies in her country home, Hunterbury, near London. To the amazement of those closest to her—Roderick (Roddy) Welman (her dead husband's nephew); her niece, Elinor Carlisle; and Mary Gerrard, her lodgekeeper's daughter, of whom she had been very fond—she leaves no will.

Elinor—in the absence of a will—is the old lady's sole heir. Engaged to Roddy Welman (whom she adores) she tells him that they can now marry. But Roddy astounds her—he tells her, quite frankly, that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard! Then, a few days later, he goes to Italy, "to think the matter over."

Knowing that Mrs. Welman had planned to leave Mary something, Elinor generously tells the girl that she will receive two thousand pounds from the estate. Whereupon, both girls make wills—Elinor naming Roddy as her sole beneficiary, and Mary naming as hers an aunt, Mary Riley, who lives in New Zealand.

Nurse O'Brien takes a case not far away, while Nurse Hopkins (who is sorely disturbed by the mysterious disappearance of a tube of morphine tablets shortly before Mrs. Welman's death) remains, as district nurse, near Hunterbury. . . . Mary's father—an exceedingly disagreeable old fellow—dies. Mary (who has gone to London) becomes Hopkins' guest, in her little cottage.

Shortly after Mary arrives, Elinor invites her and Hopkins to share some sandwiches with her. Mary eats one of the sandwiches—and dies! She dies of *morphine poisoning*. And Elinor is arrested, charged with murder. Deeply interested in the girl and feeling sure that she is not guilty, Doctor Lord sends for Hercule Poirot, Europe's most resourceful detective. Poirot arrives, reviews the facts in the case. Then—strongly suspecting that Elinor *is guilty*, he gives it as his opinion that Mrs. Welman (whose body is to be exhumed) had also been murdered!

Poirot goes to work carefully. The first person he interviews (after a long session with Peter Lord) is Nurse Hopkins. She informs him that old Gerrard, dying, had told her that he was not Mary's father—that her father had been a "gentleman" and her mother lady's maid to Mrs. Welman. She answers all of the detective's questions. Finally, Poirot says: "There is nothing more you can tell me?" Hopkins hesitates. Then: "No, there is not! And that's the truth."

VI

IN THE awesome majesty of Mrs. Bishop's black-clad presence Hercule Poirot sat humbly insignificant.

The thawing of Mrs. Bishop was no easy matter. For Mrs. Bishop, a lady of conservative habits and views, strongly disapproved of foreigners. And a foreigner most indubitably Hercule Poirot was. Her responses were frosty and she eyed him with disfavor and suspicion.

Dr. Lord's introduction of him had done little to soften the situation.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Bishop when Dr. Lord had gone, "Dr. Lord is a very clever doctor and means well. Dr. Ransome, his predecessor, had been here *many* years!"

Dr. Ransome, that is to say, could be trusted to behave in a manner suitable to the county. Dr. Lord, a mere irresponsible youngster, an upstart who had taken Dr. Ransome's place, had only one recommendation—"cleverness" in his profession.

Cleverness, the whole demeanor of Mrs. Bishop seemed to say, is not enough!

Hercule Poirot was persuasive. He was adroit. But however wisely he tried to charm her, Mrs. Bishop remained aloof and implacable.

The death of Mrs. Welman had been very sad. She had been much respected in the neighborhood. The arrest of Miss Carlisle was "disgraceful!" and believed to be the result of "these newfangled police methods." The views of Mrs. Bishop upon the death of Mary Gerrard were vague in the extreme. "I couldn't say, I'm sure," being the most she could be brought to say.

Hercule Poirot played his last card. He recounted with naive pride a recent visit of his to Sandringham. He spoke with admiration of the graciousness and delightful simplicity and kindness of royalty.

Mrs. Bishop, who followed daily, in the court circular, the exact movements of royalty, was overborne. After all, if they had sent for Mr. Poirot. . . . Well, naturally, that made all the difference. Foreigner or no foreigner, who was she, Emma Bishop, to hold back where royalty had led the way?

PRESENTLY she and M. Poirot were engaged in pleasant conversation on a really interesting theme—no less than the selection of a suitable future husband for Princess Elizabeth.

Having finally exhausted all possible candidates as not good enough, the talk reverted to less exalted circles.

Poirot observed sententiously: "Marriage, alas, is fraught with dangers and pitfalls!"

Mrs. Bishop said: "Yes, indeed—with this nasty divorce," rather as though she were speaking of a contagious disease such as chicken pox.

"I expect," said Poirot, "that Mrs. Welman, before her death, must have been anxious to see her niece suitably settled in life?"

Mrs. Bishop bowed her head. "Yes, indeed. The engagement between Miss Elinor and Mr. Roderick was a great relief to her. It was a thing she had always hoped for."

Poirot ventured: "The engagement was perhaps entered into partly from a wish to please her?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that, Mr. Poirot. Miss Elinor has always been devoted to Mr. Roddy—always was, as a tiny tot—quite beautiful to see. Miss Elinor has a very loyal and devoted nature!"

Poirot murmured: "And he?"

Mrs. Bishop said austerely: "Mr. Roderick was devoted to Miss Elinor."

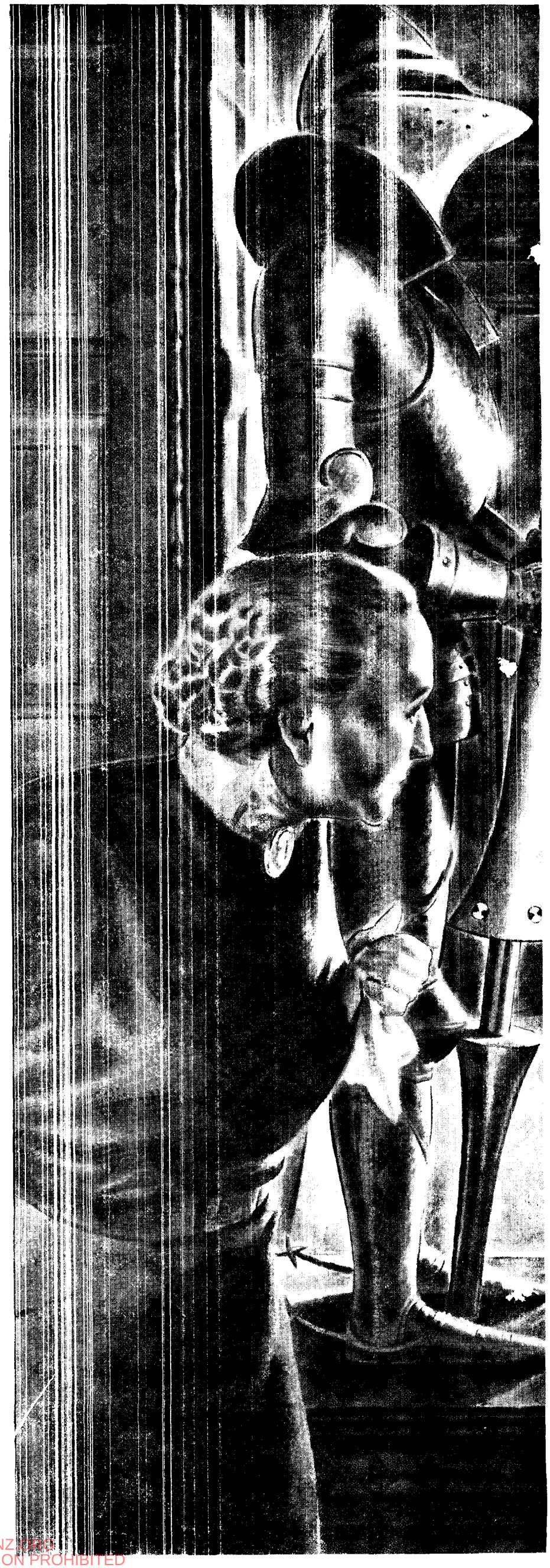
Poirot said: "Yet the engagement, I think, was broken off?"

The color rose in Mrs. Bishop's face. She said: "Owing, Mr. Poirot, to the machinations of a snake in the grass."

Poirot said, appearing suitably impressed: "Indeed?"

Mrs. Bishop, her face becoming redder still, explained: "In this country, Mr. Poirot, there is a certain decency to be observed when mentioning the dead. But that young woman, Mr. Poirot, was underhanded in her dealings."

Poirot looked at her thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said with an apparent lack of guile: "You surprise me. I had been given the impression that she was a very simple and unassuming girl." Mrs. Bishop's chin trembled a little.



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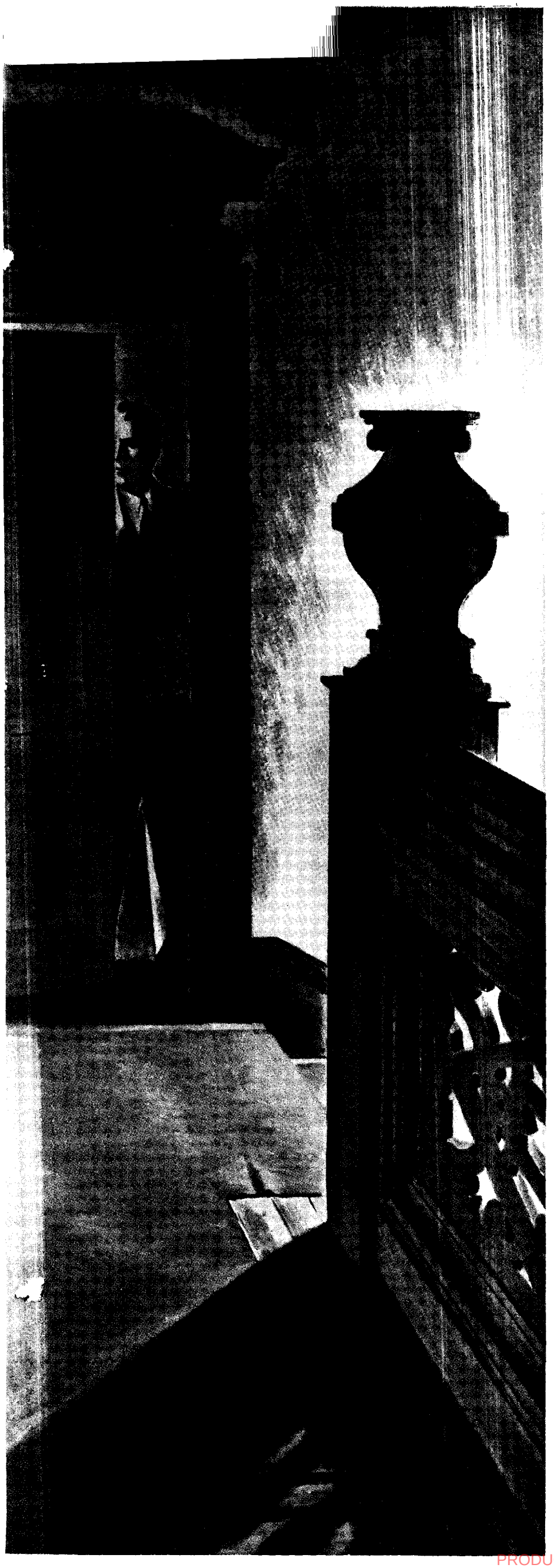

"She was artful, Mr. Poirot. People were taken in by her. That Nurse Hopkins, for instance! Yes, and my poor, dear mistress too!"

Poirot shook his head sympathetically and made a clacking noise with his tongue.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bishop, stimulated by these encouraging noises. "She was failing, poor dear, and that young woman wormed her way into her confidence. *She* knew which side of her bread was buttered. Always hovering about, reading to her, bringing her little nosegays of flowers. It was Mary this, and Mary that and 'Where's Mary?' all the time! The money she spent on the girl, too! Expensive schools and finishing places abroad—and the girl nothing but old Gerrard's daughter! *He* didn't like it, I can tell you! Used to complain of her fine-lady ways. Above herself, that's what *she* was."

THIS time Poirot shook his head and said commiseratingly: "Dear, dear."

"And then making up to Mr. Roddy the way she did! He was too simple to see through her. And Miss Elinor, a nice-minded young lady as she is, of course she wouldn't realize what was going on. But men, they are all alike—easily caught by flattery and a pretty face!"

Poirot sighed.

"She had, I suppose, admirers of her own class?" he asked.

"Of course she had. There was Rufus Bigland's son, Ted—as nice a boy as you could find. But oh, no, my fine lady was too good for *him!* I'd no patience with such airs and graces!"

Poirot said: "Was he not angry about her treatment of him?"

"Yes, indeed. He accused her of carrying on with Mr. Roddy. I know that for a fact. I don't blame the boy for feeling sore!"

"Nor I," said Poirot. "You interest me extremely, Mrs. Bishop. Some people have the knack of presenting a character clearly and vigorously in a few words. It is a great gift. I have at least a clear picture of Mary Gerrard."

"Mind you," said Mrs. Bishop, "I'm not saying a word against the girl! I wouldn't do such a thing—and she in her grave. But there's no doubt that she caused a lot of trouble!"

Poirot murmured: "Where would it have ended, I wonder?"

"That's what *I* say!" said Mrs. Bishop. "You can take it from me, Mr. Poirot, that if my dear mistress hadn't died when she did—awful as the shock was at the time, I see now that it was a mercy in disguise—I don't know what might have been the end of it!"

Poirot said invitingly: "You mean?"

MRS. BISHOP said solemnly: "I've come across it time and again—my own sister was in service where it happened. Once when old Colonel Randolph died and left every penny away from his poor wife to a hussy living at Eastbourne—and once old Mrs. Dacres—left it to the organist of the church—one of those long-haired young men—and she with married sons and daughters."

Poirot said: "You mean, I take it, that Mrs. Welman might have left all her money to Mary Gerrard?"

"It wouldn't have surprised me!" said Mrs. Bishop. "That's what the young woman was working up to, I've no doubt. And if I ventured to say a word, Mrs. Welman was ready to bite my head off—though I'd been with her nearly twenty years. It's an ungrateful world, Mr. Poirot. You try to do your duty and it is not appreciated."

"Alas," sighed Poirot. "How true that is!"

"But wickedness doesn't always flourish," said Mrs. Bishop.

Poirot said: "True. Mary Gerrard is dead. . . ."

Mrs. Bishop said comfortably: "She's gone to her reckoning and we mustn't judge her."

Poirot mused: "The circumstances of her death seem quite inexplicable."

"These police and their newfangled ideas," said Mrs. Bishop. "Is it likely that a well-bred, nicely brought-up young lady like Miss Elinor would go about poisoning anyone? Trying to drag *me* into it too, saying *I* said her manner was peculiar!"

"But was it not peculiar?"

"And why shouldn't it be?" Mrs. Bishop's bust heaved with a flash of jet. "Miss Elinor's a young lady of feelings. She was going to turn out her aunt's things—and that's always a painful business."

Poirot nodded sympathetically.

He said: "It would have made it easier for her if you had accompanied her."

"I wanted to, Mr. Poirot, but she took me up quite sharp. Oh, well, Miss Elinor was always a very proud and reserved young lady. I wish, though, that I had gone with her."

Poirot murmured: "You did not think of following her up to the house?"

Mrs. Bishop reared her head majestically. "I don't go where I'm not wanted, Mr. Poirot."

POIROT looked abashed. He murmured: "Besides, you had doubtless matters of importance to attend to that morning?"

"It was a very warm day, I remember. Very sultry." She sighed. "I walked to the cemetery to place a few flowers on Mrs. Welman's grave, a token of respect, and I had to rest there quite a long time. Quite overcome by the heat I was. I got home late for lunch and my sister was quite upset when she saw the state of heat I was in! Said I never should have done it on a day like that."

Hercule Poirot looked at her with admiration.

He said: "I envy you, Mrs. Bishop. It is pleasant indeed to have nothing with which to reproach oneself after a death. Mr. Roderick Welman, I fancy, must blame himself for not going in to see his aunt that night, though naturally he could not know she was going to pass away so soon."

"Oh, but you're quite wrong, Mr. Poirot. I can tell you that for a fact. Mr. Roddy *did* go into his aunt's room. I was just outside on the landing myself. I'd heard that nurse go off downstairs, and I thought maybe I'd better make sure the mistress wasn't needing anything, for you know what nurses are—always staying downstairs to gossip with the maids—or else worrying them to death by asking them for things. Not that Nurse Hopkins was as bad as that red-haired Irish nurse. Always chattering and making trouble, *she* was! But, as I say, I thought I'd just see everything was all right and it was then that I saw Mr. Roddy slip into his aunt's room. I don't know whether she knew him or not, but anyway he hasn't got anything to *reproach* himself with."

Poirot said: "I am glad. He is of a somewhat nervous disposition."

"Just a trifle cranky. He always has been."

Poirot said: "Mrs. Bishop, you are evidently a woman of great understanding. I have formed a high regard for your judgment. What do you think is

"It was then that I saw Mr. Roddy slip into his aunt's room. I don't know whether she knew him"

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the truth about the death of Mary Gerrard?"

Mrs. Bishop snorted.

"Clear enough, I should think! One of those nasty pots of sandwich paste. Keeps them on those shelves for months! My second cousin was took ill and nearly died once from tinned crab!"

Poirot objected: "But what about the morphine found in the body?"

Mrs. Bishop said grandly, "I don't know anything about morphine! I know what doctors are—tell them to look for something, and they'll find it! Tainted fish paste isn't good enough for them!"

Poirot said: "You do not think it possible that she committed suicide?"

"She?" Mrs. Bishop snorted. "No, indeed. Hadn't she made up her mind to marry Mr. Roddy? Catch *her* committing suicide!"

SINCE it was a Sunday, Hercule Poirot found Ted Bigland at his father's farm.

There was little difficulty in getting Ted Bigland to talk. He seemed to welcome the opportunity—as though it were a relief.

He said thoughtfully: "So you're trying to find out who killed Mary? It's a black mystery, that."

Poirot said: "You do not believe that Miss Carlisle killed her, then?"

Ted Bigland frowned—a puzzled, almost childlike frown it was.

He said slowly: "Miss Elinor's a lady. She's the kind—well, you couldn't imagine her doing anything like that—anything *violent,* if you know what I mean. After all, 'tisn't likely—is it, sir? —that a nice young lady would go and do a thing of that kind."

Hercule Poirot nodded in a contemplative manner.

He said: "No, it is not likely. . . . But when it comes to jealousy—"

He paused, watching the good-looking, fair, young giant before him.

Ted Bigland said: "Jealousy? I know things happen that way—but it's usually drink and getting worked up that makes a fellow see red and run amuck. Miss Elinor—a nice, quiet young lady like that—"

Poirot said: "*But Mary Gerrard died.* . . . And she did not die a natural death. Have you any idea—is there anything you can tell me to help me find out—who killed Mary Gerrard?"

Slowly the other shook his head. He said: "It doesn't seem right. It doesn't seem possible, if you take my meaning —that anyone could have killed Mary. She was—she was like a flower."

And suddenly, for a vivid minute, Hercule Poirot had a new conception of the dead girl. . . . In that halting rustic voice—the girl Mary lived and bloomed again. *"She was like a flower. . . ."*

There was suddenly a poignant sense of loss, of something exquisite destroyed. . . .

In his mind, phrase after phrase succeeded one another. Peter Lord's "She was a nice kid." Nurse Hopkins' "She could have gone on the films anytime." Mrs. Bishop's venomous "No patience with her airs and graces." And now last, putting to shame, laying aside those other views, the quiet wondering: "She was like a flower."

Hercule Poirot said: "But then—?"

He spread out his hands in a wide, appealing, foreign gesture.

Ted Bigland nodded his head. His eyes had still the dumb, glazed look of an animal in pain. He said: "I know, sir. I know what you say's true. She didn't die natural. But I've been wondering—"

He paused.

Poirot said: "Yes?"

Ted Bigland said slowly: "I've been wondering if in some way it couldn't have been an *accident.*"

"An accident? But what kind of an accident?"

"I know, sir. I know. It doesn't sound like sense. But I keep thinking and thinking, and it seems to me it must have been that way. Something that wasn't meant to happen or something that was all a mistake. Just—well, just an *accident!*"

He looked pleadingly at Poirot, embarrassed by his own lack of eloquence.

Poirot was silent a moment or two. He seemed to be considering. He said at last: "Do you think Mary cared for Mr. Welman?"

Ted Bigland frowned. "I don't—not really. But she might have—I couldn't say."

Poirot asked: "Was there any other man in Mary's life? Anyone, for instance, she had met abroad?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"Any enemies—here in Maidensford?"

"You mean anyone who had it in for her?" He shook his head. "Nobody knew her very well. But they all liked her."

Poirot said: "Did Mrs. Bishop, the housekeeper at Hunterbury, like her?"

Ted gave a sudden grin. He said: "Oh, that was just spite! The old dame didn't like Mrs. Welman taking such a fancy to Mary."

Poirot asked: "Was Mary Gerrard happy when she was down here? Was she fond of old Mrs. Welman?"

Ted Bigland said: "She'd have been happy enough, I dare say, if Nurse had let her alone. Nurse Hopkins, I mean. Putting ideas into her head of earning her living and going off to do massage."

"She was fond of Mary, though?"

"Oh, yes, she was *fond* enough of her, but she's the kind who always knows what's best for everyone!"

POIROT said slowly: "Supposing that Nurse Hopkins knows something—something, let us say, that would throw a discreditable light on Mary, do you think she would keep it to herself?"

Ted Bigland looked at him curiously. "I don't quite get your meaning, sir."

"Do you think that if Nurse Hopkins knew something against Mary Gerrard she would hold her tongue about it?"

Ted Bigland said: "I doubt if that woman could hold her tongue about anything! She's the greatest gossip in the village. But if she'd hold her tongue about *anybody* it would probably be about Mary." He added, his curiosity getting the better of him: "I'd like to know *why* you ask that?"

Hercule Poirot said: "One has, in talking to people, a certain impression. Nurse Hopkins was, to all seeming, perfectly frank and outspoken, but I formed the impression—very strongly—that she was keeping something back. It is not necessarily an important thing. It may have no bearing on the crime. But there is something that she knows which she has not told. I also formed the impression that this something—whatever it is—is something definitely damaging or detrimental to the character of Mary Gerrard. . . ."

Ted shook his head helplessly.

HERCULE POIROT sighed.

"Ah, well," he said. "I shall learn what it is in time."

Poirot looked with interest at the long, sensitive face of Roderick Welman.

Roddy's nerves were in a pitiable condition. His hands twitched, his eyes were bloodshot, his voice was husky and irritable.

He said, looking down at the card: "Of course I know your name, M. Poirot. But I don't see what Dr. Lord thinks you can do in this matter! And, anyway, what business is it of his? He attended my aunt, but otherwise he's a complete stranger. Elinor and I had not even met him until we went down there this June. Surely it is Seddon's business to attend to all this sort of thing?"

Hercule Poirot said: "Technically, that is correct."

Roddy went on unhappily: "Not that Seddon gives me much confidence. He's so confoundedly gloomy."

"It is a habit, that, of lawyers."

"Still," said Roddy, cheering up a little, "we've briefed Bulmer. He's pretty well supposed to be top of the tree, isn't he?"

Hercule Poirot said: "He has a reputation for leading forlorn hopes."

Roddy winced palpably.

Poirot said: "It does not displease you, I hope, that I should endeavor to be of assistance to Miss Elinor Carlisle?"

"No, no, of course not. But—"

"But what can I do? It is that you would ask?"

"I got the jewelry an' silverware, Butch— whenever you can tear yourself away" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

A quick smile flashed across Roddy's worried face—a smile so suddenly charming that Hercule Poirot understood the subtle attraction of the man.

Roddy said apologetically: "It sounds a little rude, put like that. But really, of course, that is the point. I won't beat about the bush. What can you do, M. Poirot?"

Poirot said: "I can search for the truth."

"Yes." Roddy sounded a little doubtful.

Poirot said: "I might discover facts that would be helpful to the accused."

Roddy sighed. "If you only could!"

Hercule Poirot went on: "It is my earnest desire to be helpful. Will you assist me by telling me just exactly what you think of the whole business?"

Roddy got up and walked restlessly up and down. "What can I say? The whole thing's so absurd—so fantastic! The mere idea of Elinor—Elinor whom I've known since she was a child—actually doing such a melodramatic thing as poisoning someone. It's quite laughable, of course! But how on earth explain that to a jury?"

Poirot said stolidly: "You consider it quite impossible that Miss Carlisle should have done such a thing?"

"Oh, quite! That goes without saying! Elinor's an exquisite creature—beautifully poised and balanced—no violence in her nature. She's intellectual, sensitive and altogether devoid of animal passions. But get twelve fat-headed fools in a jury box and God knows what they can be made to believe! After all, let's be reasonable: they're not there to judge character; they're there to sift evidence. Facts—facts—*facts!* And the facts are unfortunate!"

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully. He said: "You are a person, Mr. Welman, of sensibility and intelligence. The facts condemn Miss Carlisle. Your knowledge of her acquits her. What then, really happened? What can have happened?"

RODDY spread out his hands in exasperation.

"That's the devil of it all! I suppose the nurse couldn't have done it?"

"She was never near the sandwiches. Oh! I have made the inquiries very minutely—and she could not have poisoned the tea without poisoning herself as well. I have made quite sure of that. Moreover, *why* should she wish to kill Mary Gerrard?"

Roddy cried out: "Why should anyone wish to kill Mary Gerrard?"

"That," said Poirot, "seems to be the unanswerable question in this case. No one wished to kill Mary Gerrard." (He added in his own mind, "Except Elinor Carlisle.") "Therefore the next step logically would seem to be—Mary Gerrard was not killed! But that, alas, is not so. She *was* killed!"

He added, slightly melodramatically:

"But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me!"

"I beg your pardon," said Roddy.

Hercule Poirot explained: "Wordsworth. I read him much. Those lines express, perhaps, what you feel?"

"I?"

Roddy looked stiff and unapproachable.

Poirot said: "I apologize—I apologize deeply! It is so hard—to be a detective—and also a *pukka sahib.* As it is so well expressed in your language, there are things that one does not say. But, alas, a detective is forced to say them! He must ask questions—about people's private affairs—about their feelings!"

Roddy said: "Surely all this is quite unnecessary."

Poirot said quickly and humbly: "If I might just understand the position?

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Sky Flivvers

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS GROENHOFF

Aviation's former stepchild, the small plane, has come of age with a bang. These safe, sturdy and inexpensive jobs are made to order for the average man. And they're likely to make us a nation of aviators

Right, one of the thirty Piper Cubs operated by Al Bennett at Hightstown, N. J., where amateurs learn to fly

Below, members of the United Aero Club of Valhalla, N. Y., tuning up one of their Taylorcraft small planes

AL BENNETT has taught more than three thousand people to fly during the past ten years but when I stepped into a Piper Cub with him just for a spin around the airport I didn't know that I was to be another of his victims. We took off, and after flirting a while with some good-looking clouds Bennett said, "Take it."

I looked around to see who it was Bennett was addressing and found to my surprise that he meant me. This was a little bit startling because I had never held the stick of a plane in my hand. I had never, in fact, even flown in a light plane. So I took the stick, and Bennett told me how to climb the airplane and how to bank and how to come down. Then he took over and we landed.

"Now," Bennett said calmly, "I want you to take off, climb to a thousand feet and then land it."

"Who, me?" I gasped. "Do you want to get us killed?"

"I just want to show you how safe and how easy to handle this ship is," Bennett said coldly.

Then we were off, bumping down the field with one very nervous hand holding the stick and another grasping the throttle.

"A little more speed," Bennett said. "When the nose goes down and you see the horizon, pull the stick back gradually."

So I did that and, much to my surprise, we were in the air. He had never touched the controls in front of him. Then we did a gentle climb with only verbal assistance from the grinning Bennett. We banked and turned and I was about ready to ask for Dick Merrill's job when Bennett told me to land.

"Lose speed and we'll just come down gradually," he said, again putting the issue up to me. "Look at the ground and when we are almost touching it pull the stick back."

The ground below looked very hard but I swallowed a couple of times and tried to follow instructions. We floated down very gently and just as it locked as though we were going to kiss the ground I pulled the stick back. Much to my surprise we didn't even bump. I felt a little as Stanley must have felt when he finally found Livingstone.

"Okay, Lindbergh," Bennett grinned. "Now you're a flier."

"That's all there is to it?" I asked Bennett.

"Well," he hesitated, "there's a little more. I'd like to take you up a few more times and let you practice but I'd have you soloing in a week."

A Plane for Everybody

All over the country thousands of boys and girls are having the same experience I had with Bennett. Today the light-plane industry is enjoying the greatest boom in the history of aviation. Fifteen hundred light planes were made and sold last year, and this year that number will be more than doubled. Today the light planes have reached a point in their development where almost anyone can learn to fly them safely. The Civil Aeronautics Authority has put flying courses in three hundred universities this year, and within a few months it is expected that eleven thousand youngsters who never flew before will hold licenses. Only the light planes are used in instructing the collegians.

A few years ago the light-plane industry was a very sick puppy to whom no one would throw a bone. To begin with, no one had developed a light engine. The planes were none too safe, none too fast, much too heavy and much too expensive.

Two men with plenty of vision, lots of courage and a little money went to work, and out of their combined efforts the speedy, safe, inexpensive plane of

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today emerged. They followed the pattern of a man named Henry Ford, and just as he brought the automobile within the price reach of the man in the subway, so did they bring the light plane within throwing distance of his pocketbook. The men to whom the industry gives credit for the development of the light plane are C. Gilbert Taylor and William Piper.

Taylor really started it back in 1909 when a funny-looking plane tumbled into his back yard. The back yard was in Rochester, New York. It was the first time that young Taylor had ever seen a plane. But his father owned a tool shop and the kid knew something about engines so he volunteered to help the unhappy pilot patch up his ship. He felt the cracked fuselage and patted the broken-down motor, and he knew that this was his destiny. From that moment on, aviation claimed a lifelong devotee.

A few years later he and his brother Gordon actually built an airplane. It never flew. For one thing, they didn't have enough money to buy an engine. For another, they built it in the attic of the family homestead and it is very difficult to get an airplane out of an attic.

Eventually the two young amateur engineers bought a tired old Curtiss JN4D Jenny, which they promptly took apart and then put together again with a few hundred improvements. They had a lot of ideas that they incorporated in this ship, and when it was finally finished Jenny's own mother wouldn't have known her. But it flew. It was in 1926 that the Taylor brothers finally built a plane entirely of their own design. It was a four-place job with an open rear cockpit for the pilot and one passenger. Forward, there was a cabin that accommodated two additional passengers. But this plane was too big, too heavy and too expensive. Then came the Taylor "Chummy," America's first side-by-side two-place airplane. There was one drawback to it—it cost $4,000. Taylor was after a plane that the average man could buy and fly.

Off to a Good Start

Now William Piper comes into the picture. Piper was an oil man living in Bradford, Pennsylvania. He had three sons, all of whom were interested in flying, and anything that interested the youngsters interested the father. But his interest was only academic until he met Taylor. Taylor had worked out plans for a light plane that would sell for under $2,000. There were already several small companies scattered around the country with the same idea but none had made much impression upon the vast public indifference to light planes. Only the Aeronautical Corporation of America in Cincinnati was getting anywhere at all selling light planes and their output was small. Taylor and Piper met upon common ground. It wasn't long before they had organized a company and had actually started the production of the Taylor Cub.

Piper learned to fly when he was fifty. His shrewdness, executive ability and showmanship merged perfectly with the engineering genius of Taylor. Between them they produced a plane that weighed about 700 pounds and that could be run with a 37-horsepower motor. It landed at 35 miles an hour and pilots said of it, "It excuses a lot of mistakes a student makes." There is no such thing as a foolproof plane, especially if it is piloted by a fool, but the Taylor Cub approached the ultimate in safety. Because of its slow landing speed the Cub could land in a cornfield without hurting anything but the feelings of the farmer who owned the corn.

Piper wanted mass production on a grand style. He built a plant at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, and began to turn them out as fast as he could sell them. In 1936 he and Taylor, two strong individualists, disagreed over company policies and Piper bought out Taylor's interest. Taylor then established the Taylorcraft Company.

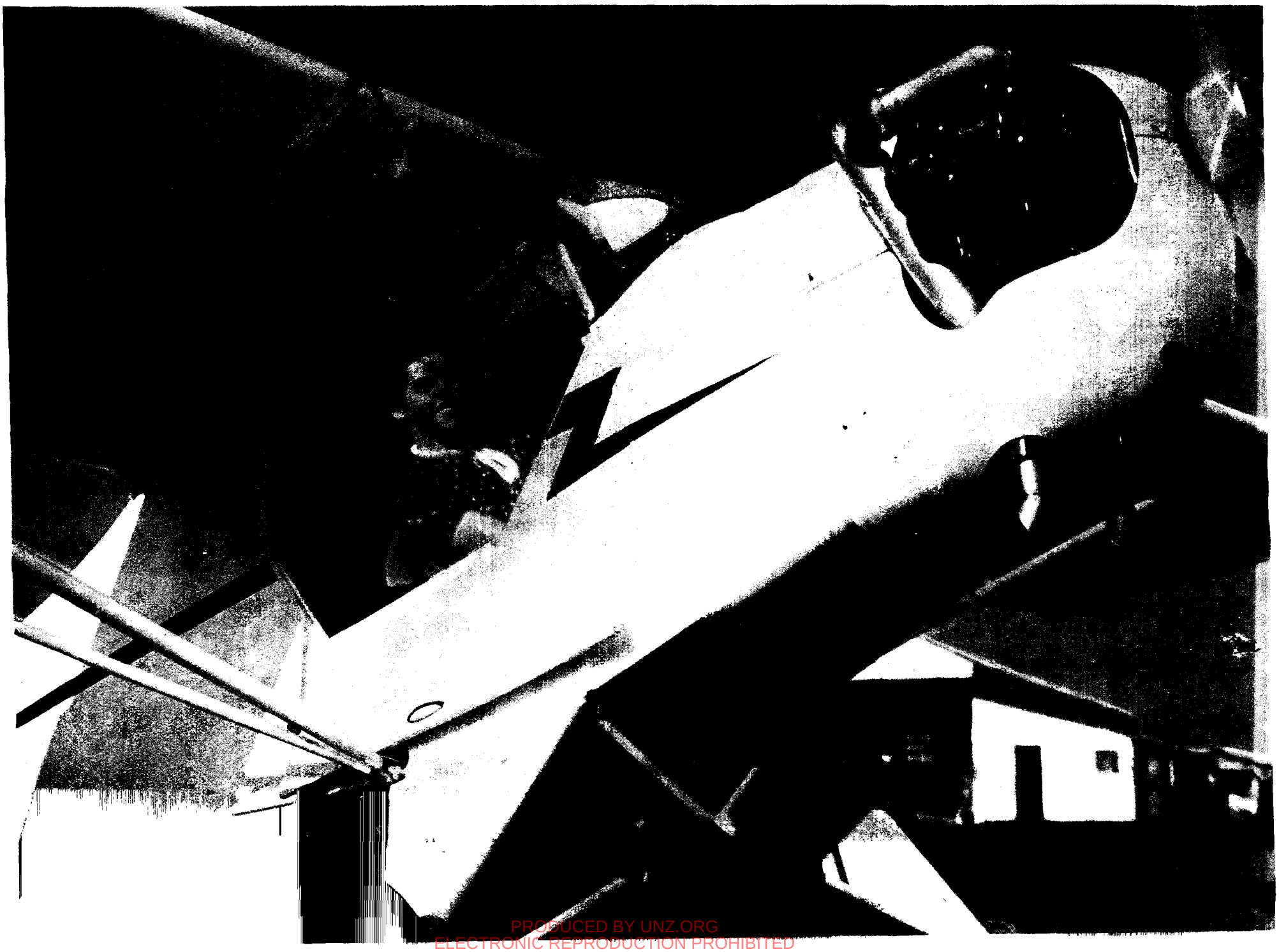
It wasn't until last year that Taylor began to creep up on Piper. His best friends would never call this brilliant black-haired engineering genius a good businessman. Happily for everyone concerned, Taylor met Sherman Fairchild, who refinanced the company, put it on a firm business basis and started an export department. Today Taylorcraft makes about sixty planes a month. So does Aeronca. Piper leads with a production of about 250 planes per month. His dream of becoming the Henry Ford of the light-plane industry is coming true.

Independent engineers and designers all over the country were now becoming light-plane conscious. Every now and then the industry would hear of some new development. There was the experiment Fred Weick was making in Riverdale, Maryland. He had designed and built one plane with several new features.

Competition is Welcome

One was the tricycle landing gear. You could almost land on an iceberg without trouble with those three heavily rubbered wheels taking the shock. The spin has always been the bugaboo of small planes. A new wing design of Weick's eliminated any danger of stalling and spinning. I flew in this little ship. The pilot pulled the wheel all the way back and of course the nose went up. The ship should have gone into a spin —but it didn't. It kept on its course with no loss of flying control. Then he landed the plane at full cruising speed, and the tricycle landing gear absorbed the bump with no trouble at all. This airplane isn't in production yet. When it is, Messrs. Piper, Taylor and Friedman of Aeronca are going to have some competition. Incidentally, they all welcome competition. The more light planes there are the more the public will become interested.

Typical of the air-minded younger generation is Mildred Ash of Trenton, N. J. Plane is a Piper Cub



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Small planes are becoming a familiar sight to New Yorkers. The plane over Manhattan is an Aeronca

Now the light-plane industry was on a stable basis. Piper, Taylor, Aeronca and Luscombe, a newcomer, all were building good, dependable ships that could be bought for the cost of a medium-priced automobile and could be run and maintained for even less. A Taylorcraft, for instance, went twenty-six miles on a gallon of gas. Recently Taylor flew from his factory in Alliance, Ohio, to New York, a distance of about 400 miles, and his gas bill was $2.90. The engines were so good in all of these light ships that a plane could fly 1,000 hours before a major overhaul was necessary and that cost only about fifty dollars. The fine performance of the light planes had caused the insurance companies to cut their premiums by half. The dream of aeronautical engineers had come true—they had built planes that could be maintained at less cost than an automobile.

Coincident with the decrease in cost of the light planes there came a decrease in the price of flying lessons. Instructors didn't have to use expensive airplanes for teaching. The light planes, costing from $1,035 to $1,850, were beautifully adapted to instruction.

Enthusiasm among youngsters increased when they learned that they could take a flying course with virtually a guarantee of success for as low as sixty dollars. Piper himself instituted a novel plan at his Lock Haven plant. It was his theory that anyone engaged in the business of making airplanes should be able to fly one. He organized a flying club among his employees. They could learn to fly for one dollar an hour. The news of this spread and young mechanics from all over began to turn up at Lock Haven. They wanted jobs but more important to them was the fact that here they could learn to fly for almost nothing. They hitchhiked from the West Coast and one morning two lads showed up from Canada.

Piper gave jobs to as many as he could. Two years ago he had 200 workers at his plant. Today he has 500 and eighty-five per cent of them have learned to fly. Everyone but the halt, the blind and the lame flies at Lock Haven. Anyone Piper employs can take half an hour a day off to fly if he or she wishes. They are taught by Piper's own test pilots.

Flying Becomes Inexpensive

Three rather startling performances brought the light planes to the attention of the public. Captain John Adams, an officer of infantry, bought himself a small Taylorcraft, powered by a 50-horsepower Franklin motor. He flew from Brownsville, Texas, to Panama, a distance of 2,200 miles. He was merely taking a casual vacation trip. He was after no record and he did a lot of sightseeing on the way. But he found when he checked up that he had done the trip in thirty flying hours; he had used but 102 gallons of gas, and the whole trip, including landing fees, had cost him $77.03. He had flown in all kinds of weather with head winds handicapping him during a large part of the trip.

The conservative old die-hards in the industry who had sneered at the light ships as being airport planes received a rude shock. Light-plane devotees, however, were not a bit surprised. They had been flying from coast to coast as casually as the big transport ships made the same trip.

One bright day a year ago a trim-looking stock Aeronca landed daintily at Roosevelt Field and its pilot, Johnny Jones, got out and announced casually that he had dropped in from Los Angeles. He had flown the 2,785 miles without a stop; he had used 125 gallons of gasoline ($31.25) and two quarts of oil ($.50); he had averaged eighty-one miles an hour and, when he landed, his fifty-horsepower Continental motor was singing as sweetly as when he had taken off. That is what the boys around the airports call "performance." Everyone was surprised except the light-plane devotees.

The airplane industry received another pleasant shock when two youngsters, Hunter and Humphrey Moody of Springfield, Illinois, took off in a standard light plane, motored by a 55-horsepower Lycoming engine, and didn't come down again until 343 hours and forty-six minutes had passed. During this endurance flight the plane covered 27,500 miles. Admitting that endurance flights of this nature don't prove much except that the pilots don't care about sleep, the fact that a 55-horsepower motor could run almost indefinitely was a tribute to the light plane. An examination of plane and motor after the flight revealed the fact that neither was a bit tired. Incidentally one of the pilots, Humphrey Moody, had only received his flying license a few days before the flight.

During the past two years the light-plane industry really went to town. In 1931 only 97 of them were built. Here are the figures since then:

1931	97
1932	105
1933	73
1934	133
1935	345
1936	746
1937	1,270
1938	1,500

This year at least 4,000 will be produced.

Yet even with this increase no light-plane manufacturer became wealthy. The margin of profit even on a Piper Cub with its comparatively large production was small. Overhead was high. Mass production might increase the profits, help the industry, without impairing the product. Automobiles can be made cheaply because of tooling. Tools are expensive. If you have to buy enough tools to make sixty planes a month, they cost a great deal. If you are making 500 planes a month the tools, bought in quantity, would cost a lot less. The only answer to the light-plane problem was a big increase in the number of planes built. The government finally decided to help this young, struggling creature of industry, and the government did it in an intelligent way that is making thousands of new pilots, thousands of new potential customers and in the long run is going to result in the building of thousands of light planes.

Uncle Sam Takes a Hand

The Civil Aeronautics Authority conceived the idea of training college students to fly. Late in 1938 the Authority sold its idea to the President and the result was a $100,000 allocation from National Youth Administration funds. Strangely enough, it was the first time that the government had ever done anything to help civilian fliers. Yet there was plenty of precedent for the plan. Long ago the American people embraced as a national policy the theory that free education was a birthright. Today the federal government makes an annual contribution of $22,000,000 for the vocational training of its citizens and the states match this fund on a basis of six dollars to one dollar.

This money goes toward the training of automobile mechanics, plumbers, hairdressers, beauticians, carpenters, farmers—in fact 1,100 trades receive this federal and state help. Why not flying? The Civil Aeronautics Authority, then under the chairmanship of Edward J. Noble, grew quite indignant about such a state of affairs. The Authority communicated its indignation to the President and the result was the $100,000 grant. Last year the Authority put courses into thirteen universities

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Holding her hand made him forget his anger, and the cold, and the cut of the snow

ON THAT night, as on many other nights, he tried to talk to his father about it, and, as on all other nights, nothing came of it. It was a good time to bring it up, Dave thought, when his father was quiet and not swearing at anything, but John Kelso just looked up from where he was sitting in front of the base-burner and growled in his beard:

"You haven't seen to the stock for the night yet, David."

"No, sir," Dave said. "I haven't. Not yet."

He got up from his chair and left the room. The lantern was empty and while he fumbled around on the back porch for the kerosene can he thought about it, feeling the bitterness against his father rise up in him. You'd think he could talk at least, he thought, instead of just growling and glaring the way he always did.

He put the kerosene can back on its stand, and lighted the lantern, and started for the barn. On the way out the back door he looked, by force of habit, at the thermometer tacked to the wall. It registered below zero, and that was too cold for March. The back steps were covered with sheer ice, and the packed snow in the path creaked under his feet.

The lantern cast a sickly yellow light on the snow. The sky was bright outside with a soundless wind blowing. The air was as clear as a bell, and beyond the barn, back in the brush at the foot of the ridge, he heard coyotes howling and yapping. Come down for the chickens most probably, he thought.

Thinking of that took him to the chicken house first. There wasn't much for him to do there but he made sure the doors on the coops were secure, and the gates on the runs closed and latched so nothing could get in. His mother had some young chicks in the brooder and he went in to see that the temperature was up, and that the fire would last the night.

His ears were beginning to burn with the cold, and he hurried through the things he had to do in the barn, moving up and down, making certain there was hay in the mangers, talking softly to the horses and slapping them on the rump when he walked behind them into the stalls.

He came outside and latched the door, and when he turned around to pick up the lantern he saw it for the first time. It was just a red, ominous glow at first, like just before the moon came up in the summer, and there was a lot of smoke in the air from forest fires. He watched it for a minute, puzzled. It started to grow and spread then in long undulating waves of light, and he knew what it was.

A mile and a half or two miles away, he judged. Straight out east along the line of the section fence. It had to be the Sundquist place then.

The first thing he thought about was Gretchen Sundquist, and how cold it was outside. Then he set the lantern down, so it wouldn't tip, and lit out hell-bent for the house.

His breath was running fast, making it hard to talk. He stood there in the room panting, and heard his father's voice booming out.

"It's like that damn' dumb Swede," John Kelso said, "to wait till this kind of weather to have his house burn down. You'd think he could manage it someway in the summertime." He put his catalogue aside and started reaching for his boots where he'd taken them off beside the fire, still swearing at Mr. Sundquist's dumbness. "Go hitch up a team, David," he said. "I swore I'd never set foot on his land again, but I reckon this is an exception."

HIS hands were cold and clumsy with the harness buckles. Trying to hurry made it bad too, and he made himself take it easy, saying to himself, "More haste, less speed." He hitched Star and Dancer to the sleigh and remembered to blow the lantern out. The snow was a dead flat white in the starlight. They took the slope at a fast trot with the horses' breath coming out in silver clouds of mist, and the runners making a slithering sound through the loose snow.

His father was already out in front, his six feet two done up in a buffalo coat, and with a fur cap on his head. The sleigh settled under his weight when he got in. He took the reins out of Dave's hands. That was something too, Dave thought—as if nobody but he could ever do anything. His mother was standing in the doorway, with the lamplight flooding around her and a shawl thrown over her shoulders.

"I'll have coffee ready for you. I expect you'll be cold time you get back."

John Kelso grunted and yelled "Hup" at the horses. He drove well, Dave had to admit. He had Star and Dancer going full out at a trot, checking them just enough so they wouldn't break into a run. They went down the main road at a good fast clip for half a mile, not talking, and then John Kelso pulled the team into a walk. Dave looked at him questioningly.

"Light as it is I figured we could use the cut-off."

There was an old wagon track that went through the fields, and one place where you could let the wire down in the fence.

"I guess we can find it," Dave said.

He pulled the robe tighter around him. The times he'd been up here, he guessed, he could find it darker than it was tonight. Blindfolded even. Almost every night last summer and in the early fall. After he got his chores done he'd

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come up here and Gretchen Sundquist would meet him. Right here was the hill where they used to sit and plan what they'd do when Dave got a farm of his own. And right there was where they had to admit the plans didn't mean anything.

That last night he knew nothing would ever come of it. He didn't draw any wages for the work he did for his father, and you couldn't just start out farming with no money at all. You had to have the land, and the equipment, and horses to work it, and a place to live. That night all the bitterness he felt toward his father had come out.

"He's got no call to feel hard at your father the way he does." Dave said. "If it was anybody else but you and me I guess he'd give me a quarter section of land and the old log house on our place, and let me farm on shares till I got a start. But not with a Sundquist. . . . I never really asked him, but I just know it wouldn't do any good."

BEING honest with himself, he had to admit he'd never asked him right out because he was afraid of him, and that didn't help matters any.

"Might be you're mistaken about him someway," Gretchen said.

"You don't know him," Dave said.

"I only know what people say about him," Gretchen said. She stood up strong and tall, with that light hair of hers shining in the moonlight.

"They don't know him either."

You'd have to be his son to know him, he guessed. To know the way he yelled and roared at anything that displeased him, and the way he could scare you when you tried talking to him. That was something nobody else could know.

Star and Dancer shied at a dark clump of juniper. The skeleton shape of the fence showed up ahead against the snow, and John Kelso pulled the team in. Dave got out. He trotted ahead of the horses, beating his arms against his body to restore the circulation. Sitting still that way let the cold get a chance to work on you.

While he let the wire down he reflected that this fence was the thing that had caused all the trouble. Three years ago that was, when he was fifteen. Mr. Sundquist came through with a load of hay and forgot to put the wire up behind him. Time they discovered it a flock of his sheep had come in and had a good day's feeding off a field of young wheat.

HIS father had carried on something awful about it. He started by cussing with a sincerity and profound eloquence that was almost beautiful. He started cussing the stupidity of all Swedes in general, working down gradually to Mr. Sundquist in particular. After that he put his hat on and went over to see Mr. Sundquist.

He wasn't cussing when he came back. He was quieter but he wasn't any less angry. He had a cut over one eye and the knuckles on his right hand were bleeding. He didn't say much about it. All he said was, "I don't want ever to hear of you talking to one of them Sundquists again. You understand me, David?"

"Yes, sir," Dave said. He always said "Sir" when he talked to his father. Not like other kids saying "Pa" or "Dad" or any other form of address that would break down the formality that existed between them.

Going over to Sundquists' tonight wouldn't change things either, he knew. Maybe he was helping, but he was doing it because he felt it was his duty as a part of a thinly settled community whose members depended on one another in cases of extreme necessity. It wouldn't change his personal opinion though. The chances were nothing would ever change that.

He left the fence down until they came back because there was no stock to stray on a night like this. Ahead of them, over the brow of the hill, the glow had spread into an incandescent glare. Dave sat back in the sleigh, hearing his father's voice:

"Got into his hay, I guess. . . . I always maintained a man that's careless enough to leave a fence down couldn't be trusted anyway. It just goes to show."

The way he talked you'd think he was pleased that something had happened to show he was right in his judgment. You'd think he could feel some sorry for it, Dave thought. If the fire got into the hay that meant the barn was gone, and maybe the stock, and everything else that Mr. Sundquist owned.

The first sight of the fire was exciting, but it sort of scared him too. When they topped the hill it was right there in front of them, and it was pretty bad. There was nothing left of the house but the dark skeleton of the framework in the middle of the flames. The acrid smell of smoke came down-wind to meet them. John Kelso whipped the horses up again.

Star and Dancer shied when they got too close. The roar of the flames came booming down the wind and the horses went sideways, taking small, mincing steps in the snow. Dave hitched them to a fence post, and he and his father went the last hundred yards on foot.

Some of the neighbors were already

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"There's no use trying to fool ourselves, is there, Dave?" she said. "We both know it's just talking"

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The War of the Juices

By Frank J. Taylor

They have found a new vitamin in your morning orange—vitamin P. And they are adding pineapple and lots of new juices to our old stand-bys, tomato and grapefruit. So hop aboard the juice band wagon. We are liquefying our diet

IN THE sedate city of Riverside, which suns itself in the heart of the southern California citrus belt, there was great stir. Schools, shops and offices were shut, youngsters and oldsters romped up and down the streets in carnival spirit. On every corner there was a bright bunting booth, manned, so to speak, by pretty girls and, believe it or not, by walking up with a thirsty look on your face you could garner for nothing all the orange juice you could carry away inside you.

That was quite a lot in some instances —particularly in the case of Mr. Stedman Oldham, a lean, sunburned, fifty-year-old truck driver from the sleepy neighboring village of Corona. Stepping up to a booth in front of the city hall, where all the city fathers gathered with hats off, Mr. Oldham grasped a pitcher of orange juice in one hand and a glass in the other, cleared his throat, and poured a gallon of the stuff down the hatch. Whereupon, he backed away, smacking his lips, the champion orange-juice drinker of the world.

To the reporters who clustered about him, Mr. Oldham explained that for twenty years he had downed eleven glasses of juice daily. He was gassed during the World War and when extensive hospitalization failed to remove the mustard taste and the goolywoogles from his stomach, Mr. Oldham tried a gallon of orange juice a day, which did the trick.

Despite the temptation now and then to step off the reservation and sample some of these newfangled drinks, like tomato juice, or pineapple, or this new juice they squeeze from carrots, Mr. Oldham remained true to the faith.

Now you might think it odd that a respectable community would make such to-do over drinking. But the orange-juice-drinking championship is but one episode in the great War of the Juices for the American stomach. It will bear watching because sooner or later your own stomach will be involved. Furthermore, the orange-juice expeditionary forces have perfected a brand-new vitamin—vitamin P—a lallapaloosa, and when they cut loose with their next barrage, look out!

This War of the Juices is no matter to be taken lightly. When 1939 passes into history, the tomato-juice legion will have fired half a billion cans of tomato juice (rich in vitamins A, B, C and G, folks!) at American stomachs.

The citrus growers will have sold the equivalent of three quarters of a billion cans of citrus juices (vitamins A, B, C and P). But they've canned only about fifty million cans of grapefruit juice and thirty million cans of orange juice, most of the citrus growers contending that man never invented a package comparable to an orange.

The pineapple contingent is ready with over a hundred million cans of pineapple juice (vitamins A, B, C and G). Add to this that old stand-by, grape juice, and the newcomers in the field such as prune, peach, apricot, apple, pear, carrot and other juices, and you'll readily see that we're going to have a juicy time in the old homeland next year.

The point is, all of these juices are pushing one another around, on the grocery shelf, on the breakfast and dinner tables and in the esophagus. Not only that, but they are pushing other foods around. National food consumption charts show, for example, that we eat but half as many potatoes and only half as much corn as we did a quarter of a century ago, and we've cut the meat and wheat diet by twenty per cent. At the same time, we've more than doubled the use of oranges, grapefruit, tomatoes and pineapples.

Millions for Dietary Education

It is worth a bit of inquiry to find out who is responsible for this amazing revolution in eating. A bit of sleuthing brings you to southern California, where the 14,000 citrus growers who belong to the great Sunkist co-operative admit that it was their idea.

Back in the days when an orange was something kids found in their Christmas stockings, the California growers set up their co-operative marketing organization to avoid rolling all their oranges into one market at one time and to induce more people to eat more oranges.

It had never occurred to anyone a quarter of a century ago that an orange was something to drink. The prevailing custom was to serve oranges on the half shell, and spoon the juice out, squirt by squirt. By way of interesting housewives, the growers offered a sharp-edged pointed silver spoon with a dozen oranges, and so many housewives took them up that for several years the citrus co-operative was the largest purchaser of silverware in the world.

However, even with a sharp-edged pointed silver spoon, it was something of a game to trick more orange into your mouth than you got in your eye, and the young college fellows whom the co-operative sent into the Eastern cities to whoop it up for California oranges found it tough going.

In the Chicago area the citrus growers hired two young graduates from Michigan State, a Mr. Don Francisco and a Mr. Paul Armstrong. It was their job to crawl out at four in the morning, hustle down to the dark freight yards, locate the incoming orange cars, pick out sample boxes and examine them to see if any of the fruit was spoiled.

After breakfast, they drove with horses and buggies through the streets, calling on fruit dealers to cajole them into placing larger orders or putting California citrus posters in their windows. This was all right, but even that and the silver-spoon teaser failed to move all the oranges the trees in sunny southern California produced, an orange tree being one of the most relentless agricultural factories known.

"The only way we'll ever get rid of these oranges is to teach people to drink them," Mr. Francisco declared at the end of a particularly bad day.

"Yes, and how are we going to do that?" asked the practical-minded Mr. Armstrong.

"We've got to find an easy way to get the juice out of them."

"Yes, and how are we going to do that?"

Those were the days when the only way to juice an orange was to squeeze it in your fist, or else put it in a lemon squeezer which consisted of two flat boards hinged together. Mr. Francisco thereupon spent his spare hours scouring the hardware stores, and eventually discovered an orange reamer, the kind in which you push half an orange down over the reamer and give it a twist.

This turned out to be a momentous discovery, because, under Mr. Francisco's persuasion, the orange growers substituted a glass reamer for the silver spoon. In the next few years, they distributed three million reamers, and eventually underwrote the mass manufacture of electric juicers for fountains and kitchens. Orange juicing became a cinch, and before long Americans were drinking three oranges where they formerly ate one.

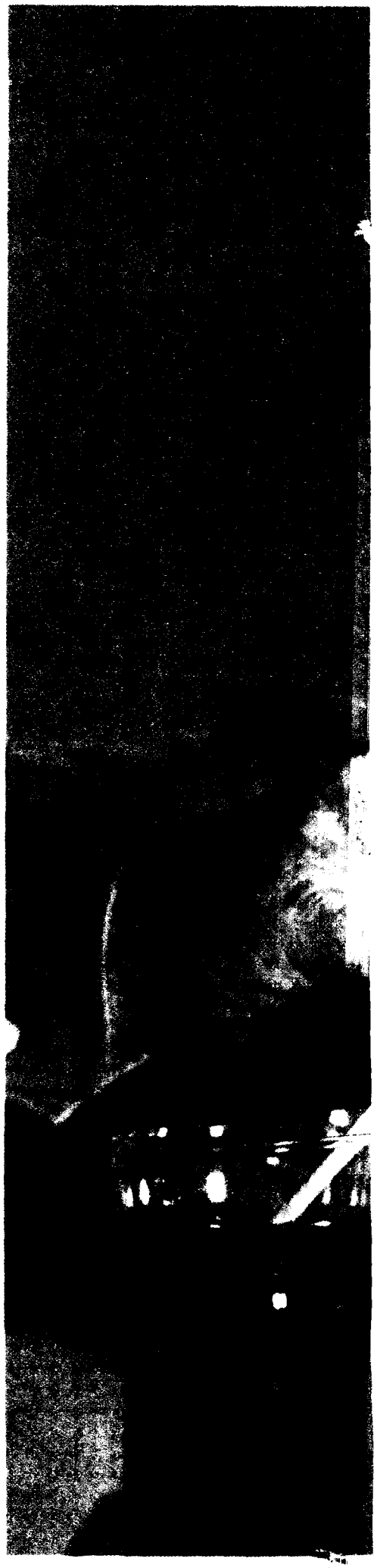
People Take to Vitamins

Later on, when young Mr. Francisco was head of the advertising agency that handled the California growers' educational campaign and Mr. Armstrong was general manager of the Sunkist co-operatives, this pair made another startling discovery. It was that Americans are suckers for vitamins.

Vitamins were not exactly new, even then. In fact, the citrus growers had employed some high-powered scientists to study the vitamin content of oranges. The studies proved that oranges were rich in vitamins A, B and C, but the growers felt that the vitamin story was too medical, too scientific for the people to grasp. Francisco and Armstrong pleaded for two years before they were allowed to tell the vitamin story.

Finally, about ten years ago, they got permission, and enthusiastically began to sell not merely orange juice but health. They sold vitamin A for babies and growing children, vitamin B for the nerves and that run-down condition, vitamin C for better teeth, and whole orange juice to keep their customers on the alkaline side and to ward off colds.

The people took to vitamins hungrily. In no time at all every food had its vitamin content. New vitamins turned up in most unexpected places. They are still turning up. In 1937, the Hungarian scientist Szent-Gyorgyi won a Nobel prize by discovering vitamin P. It's a vitamin that combats purpura, or capillary bleeding, and a short while ago they isolated some of the pale yellow stuff in the orange products laboratory at Ontario, California.



Of the country's fifty million bearing orange trees, some twenty million are in California, an equal number in Florida, the rest in Arizona, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. The California groves yield about a box and a half of fruit to the tree, the Florida trees slightly under a box per tree, the Texas and Arizona groves slightly less, the trees being younger. However, with thousands of young Texas trees reaching maturity, there is a crisis ahead in the War of the Juices.

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JAMES DOOLITTLE

Not one to enter needlessly into growers' arguments about their products, W. C. Fields compromises on an assortment of juices: Prune, carrot, loganberry, grapefruit, apricot, papaya, pineapple, apple, orange and grape. With vitamins to spare

You may regard this private fracas between the Californians, the Floridians and the Texans as the growers' own headache, which it is, but it hits your own pocketbook too. If the growers of all three areas concentrate their shipments on your town, the price of oranges plummets so low that sometimes it barely pays the freight bill. But if it's another town they're shooting at, orange prices shoot skyward.

Looking for the answer to these alternate gluts and famines, the government made a survey recently, which revealed some surprising facts. The big citrus markets of the country are New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, each of which absorbs over five thousand carloads a year. New Yorkers are the leading orange eaters. New York City, with less than ten per cent of the country's population, gets eighteen per cent of the country's oranges.

Once upon a time we used to ship a large share of our oranges across the water, but not any more. It's easier to drink them at home and get paid real money.

Since most Florida oranges ripen between November and February, the Florida growers concentrated on the winter market. One fourth of the California groves ripen in the winter, the so-called navel oranges, all of which have sprung from two trees imported from Brazil in the eighties by Mrs. Eliza Tibbetts of Riverside. The other three fourths are Valencias, descended from Spanish trees, which ripen in the summer months.

For a time, the Californians had the summer market to themselves. In the winter they fought it out with the Floridians. Now the latter are lengthening their marketing season to June, and the Californians, in retaliation, have stretched their Valencia season over to November. And both camps are apprehensive of what the Texans are going to do when their young groves come into full bearing.

The Joke's on Florida

At times, the war between the regions waxes right nasty, as when the Floridians advertised that their oranges had thinner skins and more juice. The Californians jeered right back that their fruit carried more vitamins and yielded a richer-colored juice, not that pale stuff. In fact, the Californians made such a point of the dark orange color peculiar to the fruit grown in the soils of their state and Arizona and Australia that some of their competitors took to coloring their oranges, even though the federal food authorities required them to print "artificially colored" on the skins.

"The funny part of it," laughed one of the big California shippers, "is that the orange in its native state is a bright yellow, and not the reddish orange color that we've given it."

Ten years ago the grapefruit pack was five million cans. Last year it was over fifty million cans, practically all from Florida and Texas. The trick has worked so well that Florida growers expect to can at least half of their grapefruit crop from now on, either in juice or in "hearts," as the segmented grapefruit in cans is known.

The Floridians have worked out a neat bit of strategy to go with these canning tactics. Since most of their oranges go to market in midwinter, they are holding their canned juice until the summer months, and they have earmarked $100,000 to push the sale of grapefruit juice from May on, when the Californians have the orange market to themselves.

The enterprising Texans are not far behind, with their now famous pink grapefruit, mild and juicy.

To date there have been about a hundred and fifty attempts at marketing canned orange juice on the part of California growers or canners. All but half a dozen have ended in failure. Canned orange juice just doesn't seem to go.

"The trouble is that people know what fresh orange juice tastes like," explained Paul Armstrong, head of the Sunkist organization.

However, in the past two years, canned orange juice has been turned out that is hard to tell from the fresh stuff. Mr. Frank Moore of Redlands, who has been putting up the stuff for two years,

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They met to talk it over. They rode around on a bus, and got off at Riverside Park

Unidentified

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

How to use a telegram to unravel a murder mystery. Another feather in the cap of Detective O'Malley

A GIRL got murdered," O'Malley said. "Some kids canoeing on the Hudson found her. She had been beat to death and rocks were tied in her clothes and she was put in the water. No girl like her has been reported missing, and the cops can't identify her."

"Isn't there anything on the case at all?" I asked.

"I'd call it nothing. She got killed at night. They found where it happened in Riverside Park right by the river. There was footprints but they didn't tell 'em nothing."

"A case without a clue," I commented.

"Well, they thought they had one. Cops found her handbag. A clipping was in the handbag about a company that was advertising for a girl secretary, so the police seen the company. The company didn't know anything about what girls answered the ad, because the answers were by letter. They got the letters and checked up on all the girls, but they're all accounted for. Well, I'm supposed to see what I can do."

We went and looked at the girl. She was obviously under twenty. I thought she must have been quite beautiful but she had been beaten so badly it was hard to tell. She had worn an inexpensive ring.

We studied the letters. They had them at headquarters and there were about a hundred of them. O'Malley picked out one.

"We'll try this one," he decided.

It was signed "Rose Semble" and gave a West Side address. A cop had seen Rose's aunt, who was named Mrs. Rollin, and he reported the girl was in Philadelphia.

"Why that one?" I asked.

"Well, we got to start somewhere."

We went to the address. A gray-haired woman, who was plainly Mrs. Rollin, answered the bell, and O'Malley showed his shield.

"We're from the building department," he told her, "and we want to look at your place."

She let us in. It was a neat, small apartment. There were two bedrooms and one clearly belonged to a young girl.

"You got a daughter?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Rollin.

"No; she's my niece."

"Well, she ain't home?"

"No; she's in Philadelphia. She got a job there. I wasn't home. She had been looking for *(Continued on page 34)*

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Britain's Money Master

By William Hillman

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

From No. 11 Downing Street, Sir John Simon directs Great Britain's invincible army, the army of pounds and shillings. And No. 11 is only a step away from No. 10

SIR JOHN SIMON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, reached for a sheet of paper and drew up a chair beside me. He traced a number of curves on a rough draft, noted down some figures.

He might have said he was drawing a map of Great Britain's first major offensive in the war against Hitler.

In a certain sense that is what he did; Sir John handed me a penciled sketch of some tabulations designed to make it easier to understand Britain's staggering wartime budget and taxation.

We sat in the historic study at No. 11 Downing Street, official residence of the British Secretary of the Treasury, next door to No. 10, the more famous home of the Prime Minister. There, at the geographic heart of the empire is the GHQ of Britain's fourth arm of defense.

John Allsebrook Simon, the sixty-six-year-old son of a nonconformist preacher, is the field marshal, chief of staff and quartermaster general of one of the greatest armies in the world—the army of pounds, shillings and pence.

It was such an army that helped beat Napoleon; its gold, silver and paper ranks, Sir John says, will help defeat the mystic of Berchtesgaden.

Some of the serried ranks of this army are on American shores; or rather in American bank vaults, in factories, plants, railroads and farms. For by a single stroke of the pen, under the Defense of the Realm Act, Sir John took control for future disposition of the gold, monies, shares, bonds and other industrial or banking equities held in the United States by British subjects. At any given time he can become the greatest stockbroker on the American market; the greatest cash purchaser of American goods.

In that quiet room at No. 11, Sir John said: "My budget was deliberately severe. The war was bound to begin slowly. It did begin slowly. The wisdom of an immediate and drastic budget to transform peacetime conditions to war conditions was especially justified in view of the trend of the first weeks of the war. It was intended to show that Great Britain meant business. That is why the budget is the greatest single event at the beginning of the war."

No Time for Hesitancy

Legend has it that when Stanley Baldwin relinquished the premiership to Neville Chamberlain he said, "I am handing over to you the brain of Simon. It will work out all your problems and supply you with formulas for all questions."

This brain, the keenest in England today, is in control of the British financial destiny; serene, assured and certain of victory.

But can Britain win the war—without losing it? Can British democracy meet the totalitarian challenge without ceasing to remain a democracy when the war is over?

There was no hesitancy in the Chancellor's answer to this question: "Democracy will survive all right in England. I do not think for a moment Britain will accept state regulation and control of daily life except in emergencies. When British soldiers return to civil life you do not expect them to march down Piccadilly in columns of threes or to dress to the left. The British temperament accepts very stiff discipline the moment it realizes there is danger. But once the danger is past, the British return to strong individualism."

Yet when Simon introduced his budget it was stoically accepted by all classes of the population. There were many who shook their heads and said, "Socialism in our time."

Great Britain needs about eight billion dollars in the first year of the war, a little under a million dollars every hour. Half of this is provided for by the emergency budget, the other half is to be raised by loans.

To garner in so formidable a harvest, Simon placed the basic income tax at 35 per cent until the beginning of next April and at 37.5 per cent for the following year. This is six times what British taxpayers paid in 1914.

It is ten times what we have to pay in the United States.

Even the ten-dollar-a-week unmarried wage earner has to dig down into his pocket for a direct contribution to the treasury, while any Briton lucky enough to earn from $120,000 to $400,000 annually will have to take the British government into partnership by sharing out from 50 to almost 80 per cent of his income.

Indirect taxes on beer, whisky, tobacco and sugar mean further holes in the cash pocket of the little man. But war profiteers will have to disgorge 60 per cent of their profits in addition to the other taxes.

Battle Without Banners

Somewhere the earth is being churned by explosives and men die. Ships at sea and ships below and above it move on their assignments, carrying death or the promise of it in various forms. But at No. 11 we talked about money and credit and trade—a phase of war essential for the more heroic effort to be made.

In the first interview granted by a member of the British War Cabinet the Chancellor talked about Britain's financial and economic strategy, about her war aims.

Like his dynamic colleague, Winston Churchill, Sir John's life has spanned two war cabinets, 1914 and 1939. He is tall and distinguished in appearance, and you might mistake his face for that of a bishop. Woolly white hair fringes his domed head; his cheeks are pink; he is physically younger than his years. Persistent golf keeps his figure slim; he neither drinks nor smokes. He works long hours and plays chess.

In his quiet study, hung with exquisite paintings of his beautiful mother, you realize the shyness and sensitivity of the man.

"Is the financial strength of Britain today sufficient to win the war?" I asked.

The Chancellor leaned forward. His words were precise:

"Always provided that we do not assume our financial strength but work to maintain and preserve it. Financial strength is not like a ripe fruit ready to drop in your lap. It must be grown and grown. We must dig, we must work hard. And we can stand it. Great Britain's financial strength is not to be doubted; but I repeat we must not assume it.

"That is why we have an extremely severe budget.

"The policy behind all this was a matter of very serious consideration by the whole War Cabinet. We had to consider whether to have an emergency measure immediately or wait. It was my view that we should have it quickly; I said it should be as quickly as possible. It would give an indication to the public that we were under a severe financial burden; otherwise people might believe war conditions were no different from those of peacetime.

"The wisdom of this decision is now apparent; the war did start slowly; the budget proved a major event.

"War finance has to deal with both internal and external problems.

"Internally our finance depends largely on the accumulation of British resources. These are raised by taxes and by loans. Unless we started taxing at once, private expenditures by the public on peacetime lines would not be helpful. A go-as-you-please war might develop.

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WIDE WORLD

Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaves his office with umbrella, gas mask and the historic British budget case carried by many illustrious predecessors. In the background is Mrs. Simon

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Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

CLAY MORGAN, owner of the Long Seven Ranch, gives every evidence of being interested in Catherine Grant, who lives at a near-by ranch with her brother, Gurd. Then, to the surprise of everyone, he marries pretty Lila Durrie, with whom Ben Herendeen, a powerful factor in the cattle country, is in love.

Lila is not happy; just before she dies (after the birth of a baby girl) she confesses to her husband that her greatest regret is that she did not marry Herendeen. From that moment on, the two men are enemies. But they are civil enough, in public, until Clay's daughter, Janet, is nine years old, and Herendeen's men kill Ollie Jacks who, following his acquittal on a charge of cattle rustling, had won Clay's sympathy and protection. Following that tragic episode, everyone knows that trouble must inevitably ensue.

Not far from War Pass, the largest town in the region, is a settlement of homesteaders. Herendeen suspects that these people are stealing cattle, and that, like them, Hack Breathitt and Pete Borders, itinerant punchers, are also rustling. He orders Jack Gale, a poverty-stricken homesteader with a family, to leave the country; then, accompanied by his friend, Lige White, he calls on Gurd Grant.

He tells Gurd that he wants his co-operation in keeping an eye on the homesteaders. Gurd promises to help him. While the three men are discussing the situation, Catherine (in the adjoining room) listens. She hears Herendeen say that he has hired a spy to investigate his unwanted neighbors. But, since Herendeen suddenly lowers his voice, she fails to catch the spy's name.

Certain—after hearing Herendeen talk for a time—that Clay Morgan is in peril (Clay is strongly opposed to persecuting a group of unfortunate strangers), she rides to his ranch house and warns him. Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Hack Breathitt. Catherine steps into the house, as Breathitt rides up, dismounts.

Clay gathers from the man's excited chatter, that he is being pursued by Herendeen, Lige White and Gurd Grant, who presently come tearing up to the house and demand to know why Breathitt has been camping with Pete Borders (whose reputation is far from savory). Clay orders Herendeen to leave his land—and never come back. Whereupon, the three men go away. But not until Gurd Grant has seen his sister's horse—and, suspecting the worst, suddenly changes from a friend to an enemy of Clay Morgan.

III

ON THURSDAY evening just beyond sunset, Ben Herendeen reached the ridge behind the Gale homestead and came over it so suddenly that he caught the Gale family eating supper under a lone juniper tree in the yard. Liard Connor and Bones McGeen, both being men who liked this kind of business, were with him.

It amused Herendeen to see the complete shock his arrival produced. In a way it pleased him to find them still on the ranch. He proposed to make an example of the family and this made it easy. A nester was a nester, deserving nothing.

He said: "You had my warning, Gale."

Gale knew he couldn't fight back; he knew he couldn't argue. He shook his head. "You're a hard man, Mr. Herendeen."

"I gave you time," pointed out Herendeen.

"Time for what?" asked Gale. "To kick a man around like a dog? I ain't hurting you. This ain't near your range. It should be Mr. White's say—and he ain't complained." He didn't speak of his legal right to be here on free government land, for he knew how hopeless it was in front of a cattleman in cattle country.

"That's enough," said Herendeen. "All you nesters are alike. I give you twenty minutes to clear your junk out of the shack."

Mrs. Gale at once turned and ran for the house, calling over her shoulders. "Gale, help me. Daisy, come and help me."

Gale stirred himself. He walked across the yard with his knees never quite straightening. He called to the oldest boy, "Give me a hand, sonny," and the both of them seized the tongue of the wagon and backed it from the shed. Afterward Gale went into the corral for his horses. Herendeen watched the family move around the yard. He looked at his watch, and was a little disappointed that it was so easy. He said: "That's twenty minutes. Set 'em afire."

Late Friday afternoon, just as Clay Morgan was ready to leave the ranch for War Path, Vance Ketchell came into the Long Seven yard and dropped off a tired horse. Vance was a steady-going young man who once had been a puncher for Herendeen's Three Pines and now owned a few cows of his own up on the slope of the Cache Mountains. He didn't say anything for a moment but Morgan saw that he was under considerable strain—and waited for Vance to make his talk. Vance fashioned a cigarette, lighted it and stood with his feet apart, staring across the narrow valley flats.

He said, "Pretty country," but really didn't see it. When he pushed his hat back a mop of hair, black as crow, dropped down on his forehead. He had a blocky, pleasant face at present shadowed by worry.

"Clay," he said at last, "you hear about the Gales?"

"Yes."

"I saw them over in Freewater yesterday. Pretty tough—pretty tough." He smoked on and Morgan knew he had not yet come to his point. Something on the summit of the Mogul Hills seemed to interest Vance Ketchell as he added casually: "I like the family—I like the girl."

"Sure," said Morgan, and understood part of Vance's trouble then. Vance drew a long breath on the cigarette. "It makes me squirm to think of the way Herendeen handled those folks. Whut affair of Herendeen's was it anyhow? If anybody was bein' hurt it was Lige White. Whut I want to know is just how far Herendeen figures to cast his shadow."

"Far as he can," said Morgan.

"Clay, if that can happen to a nester, it can happen to me." He stared at

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Breathitt was on his horse, racing along the Burnt Ranch road, when, looking back, he saw four Herendeen men rush out

Morgan, then said in an idle voice, "I heard the big ox this held a meetin' the other day."

"Wasn't present," said Clay.

He knew what lay in Ketchell's mind. Ketchell was figuring out the politics of the country, wondering where his Morgan's weight would be. Ketchell was too old a hand to ask the direct question, but nevertheless he kept circling around, hunting an answer.

Ketchell said: "I don't think it was right of Herendeen. Can't blame a big outfit for watchin' its own fences, but I ain't so ignorant as I used to be. Small folks have got rights, Clay. There's a hell of a lot of them in this world—and they got rights."

"If I were Gale," said Morgan, "I'd cut the price of that homestead out of Herendeen's hide."

He saw relief change Ketchell's face [illegible]. Vance tossed away the cigarette he was grinding beneath the needle of his instep. "Yeah," he said. "Well, see you in church." He was on the horse and soon away, and somewhere in his mind was a decision formed in that little space of time.

TURNED townward in the last flare of sunlight. Clay Morgan remembered the worry and the anger in Vance Ketchell's talk. There was a slow change taking place in Vance's head; the same change was going on in Hack Breathitt. It was a symbol of a general discontent spreading through the country. Ketchell and Breathitt were typical riders, born to the saddle and trained to cattle, and loyal to the idea of free range and big outfits. Yet they were men full of rough justice and strong individualism, believing in the policy of live and let live. This was what Herendeen [illegible] ruthless ruin idea and [illegible] would bring on a war.

Coming down the home [illegible] sudden sunless clarity of [illegible] he got to thinking of Ketchell's [illegible] question, and realized he had given a pretty slim answer. The trouble was that he too had been born to the saddle, to cattle and the open range. But if this were so, it was likewise true that he hated pressure from any source, he despised intolerance, he disliked the beating down of little men who had their own rights to the sun. This was why his answer to Ketchell, and to Hack, had been so noncommittal. He had made his little show against Herendeen's force. When it came to the inevitable break where would he stand? He wasn't certain.

He entered War Pass in first darkness, putting up at Gentry's. There would be supper for him at Ann McGarrah's but for some reason that wasn't very clear to him, he went to the Long Grade Saloon, found Hack Breathitt, and took him to the hotel for a meal. The town was filling with people from the roundabout hills and from the long, deep wastes of the sage desert; wagons and buggies came out of the night and horsemen trotted through town, churning up the silver-yellow dust. Lige White and Mrs. White came into the hotel's hall. Mrs. White turned toward her husband and Clay Morgan saw the momentary girlish lightness on her face when she spoke to Lige. Lige, always a man of courtesy, removed his hat before her and said something and left the hotel. Mrs. White stood quite still, watching him go; later when she entered the dining room, Clay Morgan noticed the old expressionless calm on her cheeks again.

THEY had finished eating, but Hack Breathitt remained at the table a little longer, his quick eyes following the waitress around the room. She saw his glance and came over, this Helen Lavalle; but Hack, suddenly embarrassed, murmured, "I guess we didn't want anything else," and left the table. Morgan missed none of this. When they had reached the hallway, Breathitt looked back at the girl, showing excitement in his eyes. He followed Clay to the porch, into the bland, sweet-smelling night; and was chuckling to himself.

"See you later, Clay."

"Janet's got a piece to speak at the school."

"I ain't forgot. I'll be there." He sauntered down the street with his hat shoved back and his boot heels dragging the boardwalk. He was whistling Zebra Dun.

Clay Morgan remained on the hotel porch, watching this street fill, identifying the horses at the racks. Jesse Rusey cruised by and drawled, "Good evening, Clay," in his even, adamant voice and passed on to the shadows. Gurd Grant entered town with the Crowfoot outfit. Behind them followed Herendeen and Catherine Grant in a rig. Herendeen drove the rig to the hotel porch, handing out Catherine there. He said, "I will see you in half an hour," threw his cool glance at Morgan, and drove away. Catherine came up the steps, laughing at Morgan—and taking the little ruffle of antagonism out of Morgan with that laughter. She wore a long maroon gown whose material rustled as she walked. A lace shawl hid the corners of her bare shoulders and the light of the hotel began to burn against her hair. The dress made her tall; it quickened this girl's deep, self-willed beauty. She said, "Will you be there, Clay?" and went into the hotel without waiting his answer.

HE REMEMBERED he had not seen Charley Hillhouse as he crossed to McGarrah's store and passed through to the rear living quarters. Ann McGarrah knelt before Janet, adjusting the pleats of Janet's dress. Janet's glance came across Ann McGarrah's head, full of relief. "I wondered if you'd be late, Daddy."

Ann McGarrah said: "I'll get you a meal, Clay."

"No," he said, "I didn't want to bother. I ate at the hotel."

She showed him a quick, faintly hurt surprise, but covered it up at once. "We

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should be starting for the school in a little while."

"Am I taking you to the dance?"

She said: "You hadn't asked."

"So now I'll ask."

She was a small, silent and intense girl who held her feelings away from him. Her eyes remained on him, black and obscure. Then she murmured, "I'll dress," and left the kitchen.

Morgan and Janet passed through the store and sat on the porch steps, watching the crowd roll along the street. Jesse Rusey stood in the shadows near the Mountain House, watching a cluster of punchers near the Long Grade. Gurd Grant appeared at the corner of the courthouse and crossed to the Long Grade. Herendeen came from the adjoining saddle shop and stopped Gurd; then these two talked a moment and recrossed the street, meeting Sheriff Nickum. There was an extended discussion, the sheriff slowly nodding his head, as though he agreed without enthusiasm. Looking back to Jesse Rusey, Morgan saw how carefully the marshal observed that scene.

Janet was murmuring to herself, her small red lips moving over the lines of her poem: "Little dancing white-fire creature, light me with your little candle." She sighed and cupped her chin between her two hands. Morgan said quietly, "Never be afraid of anything you can't see, Janet."

ANN McGARRAH presently came out, dressed in a pearl-white gown; it made her eyes darker, it made her black hair shine by contrast. Standing before her, marveling at the change, he reflected that she was different from the women of this town, different in the way she held herself and in the way she looked out upon the world and pushed it from her.

The gentle flow of the crowd carried them up the hill to the school. At the door, Janet left them. Morgan found two seats near the front of a newly made platform.

Somebody played the piano and a group of first-graders made a ring on the stage, singing as they turned a circle.

It went by grades, some singing, some dancing, some reciting. He was nervous, not realizing it. When Janet came forward to the edge of the stage, a fine sweat broke across his forehead and he pushed his legs against the floor, trying to remember what the first line of her poem was. Afterward she made a quick curtsy and her voice came over the room, precise as it always was, and quite sure. When she was through he sat still, not looking around at the other people. Ann said something to him, turning him. She was smiling with that brightness which comes so close to tears. He murmured, "Yes," and was thinking of Lila, who would have been happy to have seen this. This was about all he heard of the program, for it was soon over.

Near the door he saw Catherine Grant. She had been in a corner of the room, standing by Hack Breathitt. She smiled at him and he had the feeling that she read him pretty thoroughly at the moment. The pressure of Ann's hand tightened on his arm. He noticed that she gave Catherine Grant one quick, smileless look; nothing more. A little later they found Janet waiting outside the school. Hack Breathitt came up, grinning from ear to ear. He said, as though he wanted to make an argument out of it, "None of them did as good as you, Janey."

They drifted down the hill, to the corner of the courthouse. Janet went on toward the store, walking with the quick, light step characteristic of her. Breathitt had quit smiling and now he watched the street in a way that meant trouble. Morgan said: "What's up, Hack?"

"Nothin'," said Breathitt. "Nothin' at all," and crossed to the Long Grade.

They had already started to dance at the Odd Fellows' Hall. Going toward it, Morgan heard Parr Gentry's voice call the turns above the fiddles and guitars. They climbed the stairs, coming into the heat and the yellow flare of the hall. The music had stopped, but by the time Ann put away her shawl it had started again. They swung away to a waltz tune. She was small and light in his arms; she had no weight. Her hair made a soft, dark line at the edge of her temples; a thin, sharp scent of perfume came to him, heightening his awareness of her.

She said, not looking up: "Are you proud of her, Clay?"

"Certainly."

She said: "I watched you, and saw you tighten up. Just the same way you tighten up in front of Ben Herendeen. What were you thinking about, Clay?"

"It would have been something swell for Lila to have seen."

She raised her head then. Her lips were almost severe while she watched him; there wasn't any light in her eyes. She said: "You never forget, do you?"

HACK BREATHITT went directly into the Long Grade and saw a solid line at the bar. Nearest him were a group of Grant's Crowfoot riders, all of them his friends. Billy McQuire said, "Step in here, Hack," but Breathitt shook his head and balanced on his heels, his face cool and smooth and tough. Herendeen's men had gathered at the far end of the bar, and these he watched solemnly. Liard Connor and Bones McGeen were side by side at the bar, turned from him, but he knew they had him spotted in the back-bar mirror. He pushed up his hat and walked on, making a turn behind these two. There wasn't any space between them, but he came against them and shoved them aside with his shoulders.

He stared straight ahead, into the mirror. Their faces came around to him, with the reserve he had seen many times before in moments of trouble. He knew what the expression meant. The barkeep came down his way, waiting for his choice; Breathitt said gently, "Not now, Sam. When I drink, it'll be in better company."

It was a sound that traveled around him. The talk in the saloon faded a little and he saw, still watching the mirror, men's hats and heads swing. Liard Connor pulled his arm aside. Bones McGeen suddenly grinned over his whisky glass. He spoke to nobody in particular: "Hair in his ears and smoke in his nose. Feelin' the beef in his belly. Whose beef? Now I wonder."

In Hack's voice was the flat melody of a man on edge: "Maybe it was just an accident when you boys bumped into me down by the hotel. Maybe. If there's something in your craw, you don't have to go to that trouble. I can hear English, if you bullheads can talk it. I don't like my feet stepped on. I'll be out on that street all evenin'. Try it again. One at a time or both together. Or bring along the whole damned bunch, like you did with Ollie Jacks."

PARR GENTRY called for a schottische. Lige White came over to claim Ann McGarrah, leaving his wife with Clay. They went wheeling and dipping around the floor, Mrs. White very graceful in his arms, and very pretty; but her glance kept following her husband with that calm, indrawn attention Morgan had noticed so often. It was as though she did not fully understand Lige, as though she tried to see him off guard and catch something on his face that he never showed her. Once, when she missed a step she looked up to Clay and smiled, and then she was younger than before, and no longer reserved. She had the bluest eyes of any woman in his memory, so blue that the color startled him.

Herendeen had kept Catherine Grant to himself. After the schottische, Morgan returned Mrs. White to Lige and stood a while, idly talking. The stag line thickened. Gurd Grant was over there and Gurd's glance was directly on him, and stayed on him without recognition. It was pretty clear: Gurd had cut him cold.

Parr Gentry said, "Pick your partners for a waltz," and the fiddles began tuning up again. Clay remained in his tracks, head down, puzzled by Gurd Grant's cut. Something was in the wind. He couldn't catch it with his mind, but he knew Herendeen had somehow gotten to Gurd. He debated it coolly, trying to make up his mind until he heard Ann say, "What is it, Clay?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all." Herendeen and Catherine were only a few feet away. Catherine's glance touched him, brief and interested, and then he forgot Gurd and put his hand to Ann McGarrah's elbow and moved her toward Herendeen. It amused him to see Herendeen's ruddy face show instant intolerance. He said to Catherine, "Should be ours, I think," and moved away with her as the waltz began.

Catherine said: "I wondered if you would."

"One more week—one more dance. War Pass, the Burnt Ranch School, the old hall at Chickman Creek. This goes back a long way."

"Do you remember so many of those dances, Clay?"

"Yes," he said, "I guess I do when I'm dancing with you." These dance nights were like markers leading into the back years. He could visualize most of them; he could remember the fun of most of them. "It is an odd thing," he said, and was puzzled by his own sentiment in the matter, "but it seems to be a habit I'm afraid to stop. Like a man that has done one thing so long he can't quit without breaking something that holds him together."

She murmured: "This dance, Clay—with me?"

"TEN years of it," he said. "We were pretty young and all our friends were young, and we had a fine time. As long as we keep on we've still got something left, of those times. Of everything that used to be. It is a way of keeping yesterday alive, I guess. When we stop, yesterday's dead."

"It will die sometime, Clay."

"I hate to think of it."

They were all around the hall before she spoke: "It isn't the good times you want to remember, Clay. It is one person you never want to forget. I know. I watched you tonight when Janet spoke. I knew what you were thinking. Not of Janet, not of anything or anybody in that hall. It was Lila, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes," he said, in some surprise. "How would you know that?" Slowly turning with the swing of the waltz, he saw Harry Jump come up the stairs and move through the loitering stags at the edge of the floor. Harry Jump was here when he should have been forty miles out in the Moguls. Morgan wheeled Catherine around, losing Harry Jump, and catching him again. Jump saw him and showed no expression of any kind. It was a signal.

Morgan said: "Maybe you'd like a drink of water."

She had been too long in the country not to know. She slipped her arm through his elbow and they left the floor, passing Harry Jump without giving him notice. They went down the stairs into the soft, dark shadows. Harry Jump's boots scuffed the stairs, following. He passed them, saying from the side of his mouth. "Not here, Clay." They followed him as far as Gentry's and stopped before him.

"All right," said Morgan.

"You sure?" said Harry Jump, staring at Catherine.

"I'll go," she said.

"Never mind," answered Morgan. "You know better, Harry."

"Well, then. I rode through Government Valley before dark tonight. There's a notice posted on the building. The land office is selling the valley at auction tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock, in Sage City."

(Continued on page 39)

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Escape from the Doghouse

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

INDISPUTABLY Mr. Horace Belknap was in the right, and he enjoyed it. He also enjoyed the effect of guilt and penitence on Mrs. Belknap's always eye-soothing countenance. For both reasons he was in no hurry to forgive her. Pushing back his chair from the breakfast table he restated his position with only the gentle, melancholy reproachfulness that had already proved its efficacy:

"It doesn't matter about my having worried a few hours longer than I needed to. That isn't the point. The point is—"

"That I forgot," Mrs. Belknap said, her tone suggesting that she was running out of penitence.

"Not quite. That you *could* forget." Mr. Belknap's head wagged sorrowfully. "You knew how glad I'd be to get that message from Cobbitt. A year ago—six months ago—you'd have been dancing up and down in the doorway, eager to tell me the minute I came in. But last night you"—he dropped his voice a tone or two—"you forgot."

"And that proves love is dead." Mrs. Belknap, definitely, had run out of penitence.

"No." That sweetly sad tone was really rather good, he thought. "It only shows one of the ways in which love begins to die. And"—he got a creditable quaver into his voice—"and it means so terribly much to me to believe you're fond of me that I can't help being frightened—terrified—by anything, however trivial in itself, that seems to show you're beginning not to be."

"That's a pretty speech." Mrs. Belknap's dimple showed itself briefly. "I must remember to use it on you the next time you forget to remember. Just wait!"

"I'll wait a long time," Mr. Belknap said, "before I forget anything that would give you pleasure or save you a moment's worry."

Full forgiveness, now, was in the kiss he placed on Mrs. Belknap's notably kissworthy mouth. The comfortable glow of righteousness warmed his bus ride and illuminated the routine of the day behind his desk. Starting homeward, he still enjoyed it. He was humming happily under his breath when, from the very tail of his by-passing eye, he saw the placard in the window of a flower shop.

THE florist's salesman, a calm, lilylike young man, had frequently sold orchids to other men, less lilylike, who crudely showed symptoms of crude emotion. It was new to his experience, however, to sell them to a person who, having seized and wrung his languid hand, flung a hoarsely fervent God-bless-you over a departing shoulder.

"If that's love," the florist's salesman cynically soliloquized, "I'll take paresis."

But Mr. Belknap himself saw nothing extravagant in the expressions of his gratitude. They did less than justice to the lilylike young man and the benignant Providence that had inspired him, today of all days, to display that window card:

This is the 16th
Isn't it HER birthday?
Stay out of the doghouse with orchids!

The doghouse! Mr. Belknap, appalled by the narrowness and utter chance of his escape, shivered as he made haste toward another shop, the place of business of a jeweler who by heaven's favor knew him well enough to take a check. According to Mrs. Belknap, no normal woman could ever have more star sapphires than she wanted. He breathed more easily, emerging; a theater-ticket agency usuriously parted with seats for a dismally high-brow play which Mr. Belknap had stubbornly declined to witness.

Homebound in a taxi—this extravagance somehow another thank offering to those averting gods of chance—Mr. Belknap was able to cease perspiring, even to perceive the beautiful, coals-of-fire contrast that his remembrance must provide for Mrs. Belknap's forgetfulness of yesterday.

The doghouse? Leaning back, Mr. Belknap allowed himself to laugh. He stopped laughing before he latchkeyed his door, however; entering, he merely smiled, the smile of kindly, tolerant virtue—nobly generous, returning good for evil, bringing, in place of earned reproaches, gifts.

UNDER Mrs. Belknap's wide eyes, profoundly violet in their joyous amaze, he placed the eloquent parcels upon the table. Upon her, as her hands, tremulous, half disbelieving, tore the wrappings, he beamed in gentle, unreproaching triumph.

"Disappointed?" he said.

"Disappointed?" Mrs. Belknap's eyes became wider and more violet with question.

"Because *I*"—he really owed it to himself to put that little emphasis upon the pronoun—"because *I* didn't forget. You were almost hoping, weren't you, after all I said this morning, I wouldn't remember what day this is?"

Even more earnestly than usual he kissed lips still slightly parted in surprise.

"Happy, happy birthday, dear!" He said it huskily and held her tight, his cheek against hers. "You didn't really hope I'd forget it, did you?"

"Of course not, lamebrain!" Mrs. Belknap said it instantly and warmly. She was really very fond of her Horace—much too fond to tell him—just yet—that the birthday he so proudly remembered belonged, not to the second present Mrs. Belknap, but to the first.

"You were almost hoping, weren't you, after all I said this morning, I wouldn't remember?"

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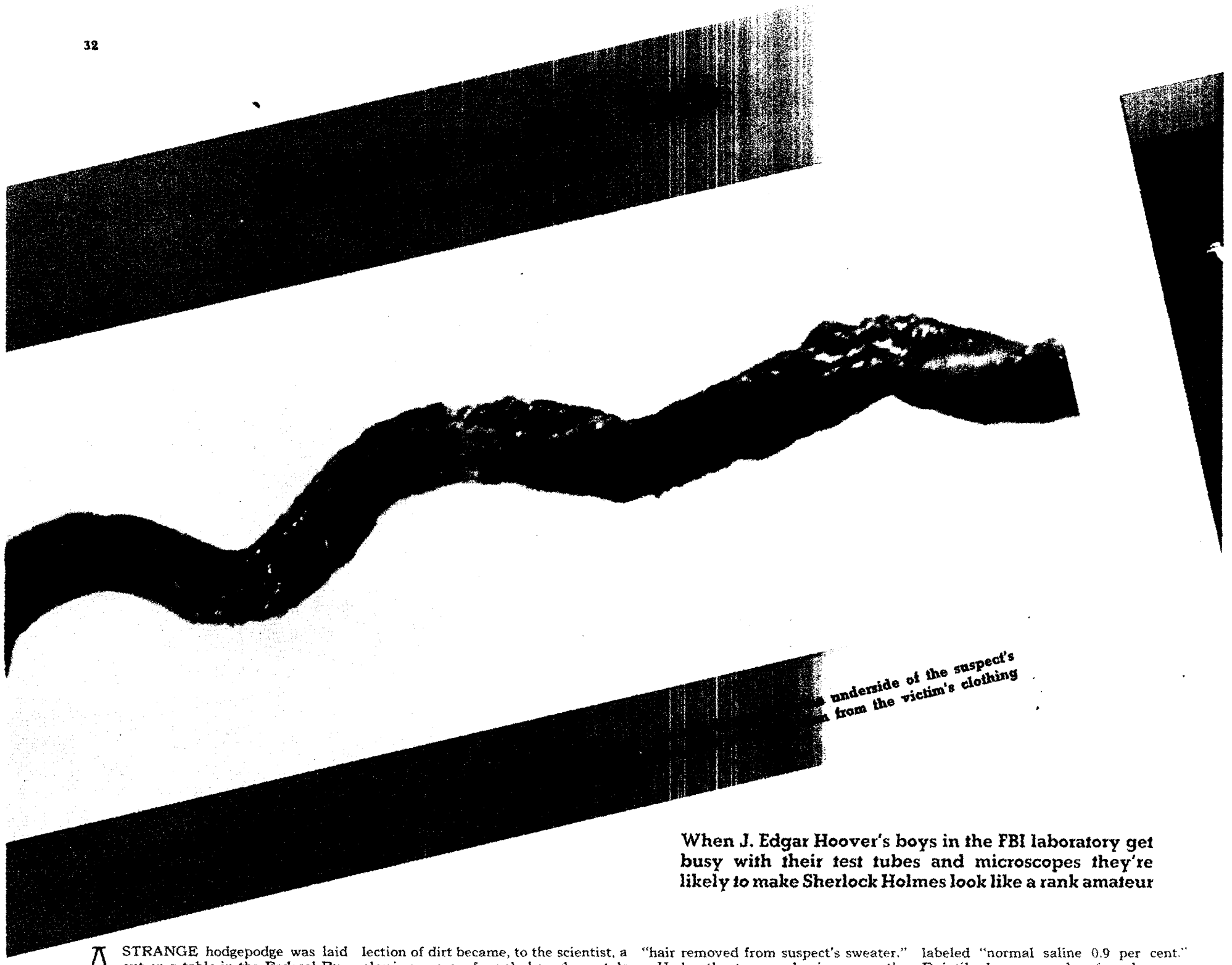

underside of the suspect's
from the victim's clothing

When J. Edgar Hoover's boys in the FBI laboratory get busy with their test tubes and microscopes they're likely to make Sherlock Holmes look like a rank amateur

A STRANGE hodgepodge was laid out on a table in the Federal Bureau of Investigation laboratory—a dirty sweater, corduroy trousers, tan shirt, battered brown hat, a pair of well-scuffed shoes, two tightly folded bits of paper and a small cardboard box full of sandy dirt.

The clothing belonged to a man suspected of having committed murder, the boxful of soil had been collected near the victim's body. The suspect's vehement denials overwhelmed the scattered circumstantial evidence against him. The wily murderer had left no broad trail; and the suspect had not been seen near the murder, he had no contact with the murdered woman, the local police of the small Southern town had found nothing linking him directly with the crime. They had only a pile of shabby clothing, a box of dirt and their own suspicions.

An FBI technician, working gracefully with a miniature spatula, lifted specks of dirt from the cuffs of the trousers, from the sweatband of the hat and from the soles of the shoes. He put the specks on a glass slide, covering them with another slide to make a glass sandwich half an inch wide and an inch and a half long. From the brown box he plucked more specks, and mounted them in similar slides.

He carried the slides to a microscope, focused the complicated mechanism on one of the slides, and flicked a shutter, polarizing the light flowing through the instrument. Abruptly the minute collection of dirt became, to the scientist, a glowing mass of oval-shaped crystals and each crystal glimmered with soft green light near the center, shading to dark purple on the outer rim. The other slide was slipped under the lens, and the technician saw the same oval crystals and green and purple lights.

Then he poured the dirt into shallow glass dishes half an inch high, and held one dish in each hand before the ultraviolet light. They shone deep yellow—identical shades of yellow.

Chemistry Tells the Story

Finally he bore the dishes to a cabinet lined with dwarf-sized laboratory equipment—Pyrex beakers as big as the end of your little finger, porcelain pans the size of a nickel, dizzy four-inch labyrinths of glass tubes identical in design with the three-foot Soxhlet extractor standing near by. Methodically measuring everything in elfin graduates, the scientist poured acids and alkalies over the dirt and watched closely as the crystals magically bubbled and foamed. Reactions were the same. Tested under the microscope, with ultraviolet light and with chemicals, the bits of soil from the suspect's clothing and from the scene of the crime were alike.

Unwrapping the folded bits of paper, the technician removed two lengths of hair, one perhaps six inches long, the other barely half an inch. The hairs went onto slides, the long one labeled "known hair of victim," the shorter one "hair removed from suspect's sweater."

Under the two-eyed microscope the insignificant wisps were transformed into huge cables with heavy black cores and translucent sheathings, cables almost identical in construction.

From a box slightly larger than an eyeglass case the scientist took a blade of cold, shimmering steel, sharp enough to flick off a finger at the lightest touch. Gingerly he fitted the blade into a black casket eight inches square, with a crank dangling from one side. He placed the two hairs meticulously on a steel tray under the knife and turned the crank. The blade rose and fell like a midget guillotine and from the tray the technician lifted tiny particles of what seemed dust.

The particles were cross sections of the hairs, sliced 1/25,000th of an inch thin by a microtome. The microscope swelled the cross sections into great circles crowded with round cells. The cells seemed scattered without logic, yet they formed like patterns in every circle. The similarity of the cross sections was as marked as the similarity of the lengthwise views. The construction of hairs, the patterns formed by pigmentation, are almost as individual as fingerprints—the hair on the sweater could well have been the murdered woman's hair.

Returning to the sweater, the scientist found in the dull red yarn a few faint stains, faded almost into invisibility. With a long, thin medicine dropper, he sucked up a clear liquid from a bottle labeled "normal saline 0.9 per cent." Daintily he squeezed a few drops on each of the spots, catching the liquid on testing paper as it dripped through the wool. On each of the wet patches on the testing paper he put a drop of benzidine, and each spot turned greenish blue. Simplest of all blood tests, it showed the stains might be blood. But it was not conclusive.

The FBI's Blood Test

The technician cut out of the sweater several bits of the stained yarn, dropped them into test tubes, covered them with saline solution and left them to soak. Presently he drew off the dirtied solution, spread it on slides and added to each slide one drop of acetic acid. Holding the slides over a small Bunsen burner, he heated them ever so gently and slid them under the microscope one after another. On each slide he saw walnut-colored crystals, each crystal a perfect parallelogram—haemetin crystals, the red coloring matter found only in blood.

He carried the saline solution in which the yarn had been soaked into another room, specially air-conditioned. From an electric refrigerator filled with small vials he took at random one whose neat white label proclaimed it "antirabbit serum." He poured two drops into a miniature test tube and added two drops of the saline solution. The liquids lay inert in the tube, not even mixing. From other vials he poured out antideer and

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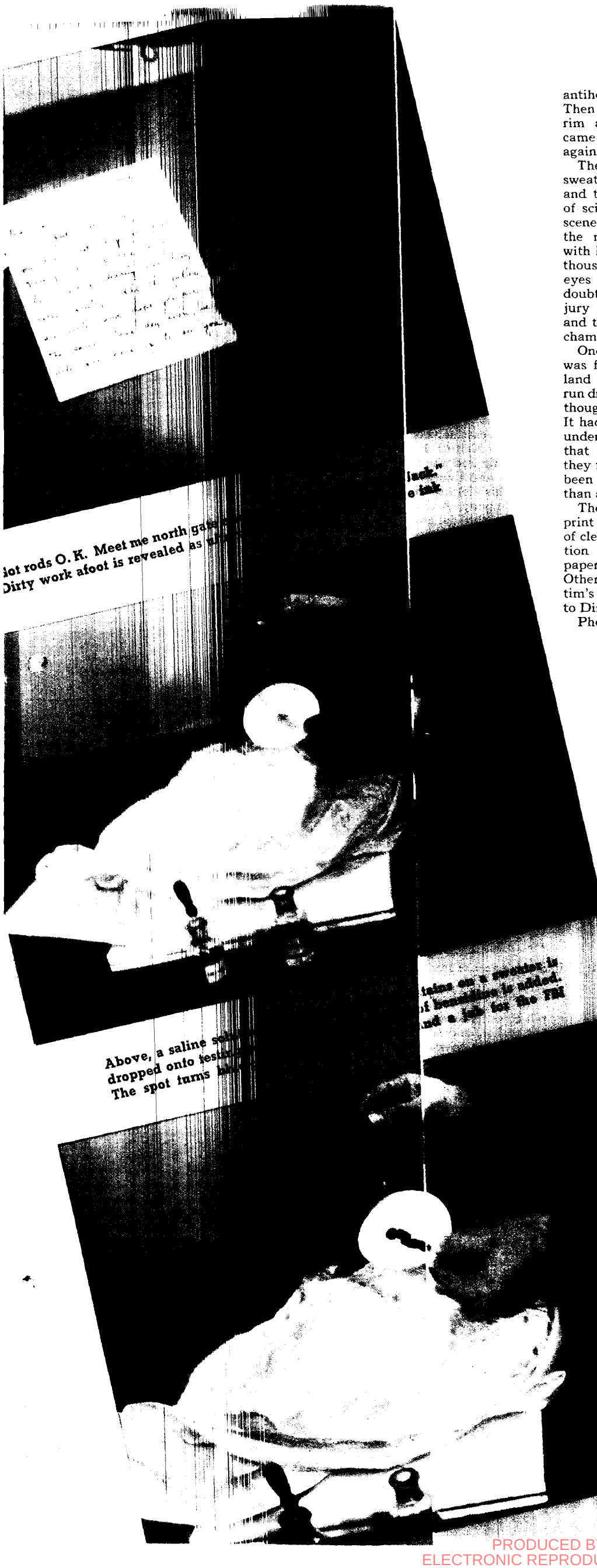

antihog serums, and nothing happened. Then antichicken—and a feathery white rim appeared where the two liquids came in contact; finally antihuman, and again the fluffy white line.

The suspect had chicken blood on his sweater, but he also had human blood, and the case was complete. The eyes of science had seen the suspect at the scene of the crime in close contact with the murdered woman, and spattered with human blood. Months later and a thousand miles away the omnipotent eyes had seen, "beyond a reasonable doubt," a man commit a murder. The jury trusted the testimony of science, and the murderer died in the state gas chamber.

One fall night in 1938, a mangled body was found along a deserted New England road, tragic victim of a hit-and-run driver. Local police found a car they thought might have been responsible. It had been thoroughly washed, but far underneath, on the wishbone of metal that controls the steering mechanism, they found a faint print that could have been made by a shoe, and a thread less than an inch in length.

The section of wishbone bearing the print was sawed off, wrapped in a sheet of clear celluloid and fastened with friction tape. The thread was folded in paper and sealed in a coin envelope. Other threads were taken from the victim's clothing, and the whole lot shipped to Director J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI.

Photographs were made of the footprint and checked with the FBI's file of 850 specimens of rubber heels and half soles. The print checked precisely with the brand of soles on the victim's shoes.

The thread found on the car matched microscopically a thread from the victim's trousers. The owner of the car previously had admitted driving it the night of the accident, so by the power of laboratory science a hit-and-run driver, one of the most vicious and most elusive of present-day criminals, was sent to the penitentiary.

You Can't Fool Microscopes

A house in upper Pennsylvania was thoroughly ransacked one night, and the telephone wires cut. Searching a suspect, the police found only a pocket knife. The knife and the telephone cord were sent to the FBI.

The knife was put in a spectrographic instrument and 15,000 volts of electricity played along the blade. A photographic plate of what the hot stream of juice found to burn showed infinitesimal traces of copper and tin in the same proportion used in the telephone wire itself.

And caught in the blade bed of the knife was a single strand of brown fiber a sixteenth of an inch long, a strand that the microscope saw was part of the covering of the telephone wire. The burglar got five years in the penitentiary.

Such is the penetrating vision of the world's most modern crime laboratory. "Clues," the bulwark of successful crime detection through all history, are no longer a matter of oversights by criminals. What human mind can cope with the ingenuity capable of transforming specks of sand, flecks of blood, wee bits of thread, into damning, unanswerable evidence? What mind can take precautions to thwart eyes that can see in a cross section of human hair 1/25,000th of an inch thick a great pattern, distinctive from the cross section of other hairs?

Hoover has built up the laboratory, which he established in 1932 in one small room, into perhaps the finest in the world. No longer need this country look to Vienna, to Berlin, to Paris, for the latest in scientific crime detection.

Ingenious and Deadly Proof

The microchemical section has identified a particle of coal no bigger than the head of a pin. The particle was first weighed on a balance scale sensitive to one twenty-nine millionth of an ounce. The balance, enclosed in glass, must be read through a long tube because the slight heat of the body will throw it off. It's so delicate that a full ten minutes are required for the pendulum to stop swinging. After weighing, the jot of coal was burned, and the ash weighed. The difference—a fraction of an ounce incomprehensibly small—revealed that it was not anthracite, lignite or peat, but bituminous.

Ultraviolet light, besides aiding in the identification of bits of soil as described in an earlier part of this article, is also used to detect invisible writing. Messages written in various chemicals, under the delusion that secrecy is thus assured, stand out clearly under strong ultraviolet light, as shown in the photograph.

The laboratory can tell whether almost indistinguishable stains are blood, and if so, whether human or animal; if animal, what animal; and if human, what group; and if the stains are fresh and liquid, in which of eighteen classifications it belongs.

Typing the blood is a long process of fifty-four separate tests. Yet it has been

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Unidentified

Continued from page 26

a job and when I got home I found a telephone message from her that she had got a job in Philadelphia."

"Yeah? Lady, where's your phone?"

"We haven't got one. We use the telephone in the corner drugstore."

"Well, have you heard from her?"

"Yes; I received a telegram."

We made a pretense of inspecting the apartment. A telegram on the table in the small living room said, "Got the job. Will write. Love." It was from Philadelphia and was signed "Rose." Somebody had written "1 lb. butter, 1 doz. eggs" on the kitchen wall.

"You write this?" O'Malley inquired of Mrs. Rollin.

"No. I suppose Rose did."

We went to the drugstore.

"You take a message for Mrs. Rollin that her niece Rose Semble had went to Philadelphia?" O'Malley asked the druggist.

"No."

"Well, you know Rose?"

"Yes, sure. Maybe my clerk took such a message."

"Yeah? Where's the clerk?"

"It's his day off."

There were two phone booths. People had scrawled phone numbers on the phone-booth walls. O'Malley copied the numbers in his notebook.

"Well," he said, when we had got outside, "that might be the girl."

"If it is," I declared, "it's surprising and incredible. What do you think you are—some kind of clairvoyant?"

"I was maybe lucky."

"Anyway, it's not difficult to find out. If you have Mrs. Rollin look at her, she can tell whether the girl's her niece."

"Yeah? You like to tell people someone they love is dead? I don't. We'll do that, if we have to, later."

WE WENT back to headquarters. He wasn't doing anything, so I left him, but I saw him next morning.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"Why, it don't hardly go at all. I been finding out what people that Rose Semble knew. Until a few months ago, she went always with a guy named Tommy Kelting. Then it looks like she got tired of him and give him the go-by, and since then she has went with a lot of different guys. One is named Walter Dool, and another Joe Caler, and lately she went with Eddie Jessin. She was a pretty kid, and some of the girls were jealous—"

"It wasn't a woman that killed that girl, O'Malley."

"No—that's right. I had a cop go like a gas-meter reader and talk with Mrs. Rollin. She ain't heard from Rose. So I phoned Philadelphia cops to find out if it was Rose sent the telegram. Well, we'll go see that drug clerk."

We went again to the drugstore. The clerk was on duty and remembered the message.

"Was it Rose phoned the message, guy?" O'Malley inquired of him.

"No; a man phoned it."

"He say who he was?"

"No; but Rose was there with him."

"Yeah? How'd you know that?"

"Why, I heard when he talked with her."

"O'Malley," I said, when we had got outside, "have you asked Mrs. Rollin if the dead girl's her niece?"

"Why, no; I ain't done that."

"Then you're crazy!" I told him. "You've got nothing to show that the girl is Rose Semble!"

"Yeah? Well, this is a Saturday. On Saturday nights the crowd that Rose went with goes usually to a certain dance place. I hear they'll be there tonight, so I thought I'd go look at 'em. You want to go too?"

"It's a silly business," I asserted, "but I might as well see it through."

I met him that night. The dance hall was near Times Square. O'Malley seemed to have an understanding with the waiter, who seated us close to two tables filled with young people.

"Is that Rose's crowd?" I asked in a whisper.

"You got it. The big dark guy is Jessin, that Rose has went with lately, and the small blond guy is Caler. That thin fellow is Walter Dool, and the tall, blond, handsome one is Tommy Kelting that Rose went with from when she was a kid. When Rose quit going with Caler and went with Jessin, them two boys had a fight about her, and Caler's been moody ever since."

The group were very gay, laughing and talking. We didn't dance but watched the dancing. We watched it a long while. Then, between dances, the floor manager made an announcement:

"If Edward Jessin is in the house," he said, "there's a telegram in the office for him."

"The room was pitch-dark, but he had some sort of luminous mistletoe"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Jessin appeared surprised. He went to the office and came back with the telegram.

"It's from Rose," he told them. "From Philadelphia."

He showed it, and they passed it from one to another and read it aloud.

"Job is a dud," they read. "Be back with you on the one-twenty-five train. Meet me, Eddie. Rose."

"You going to meet her?" Caler inquired of Jessin.

"Why, sure. I'll bring her up here."

IN ABOUT half an hour, Jessin left to meet the train. We followed. Two plain-clothes cops were standing in the entrance to the dance hall and in the street outside were several more. O'Malley stopped and spoke to them. At the railway station, we watched Jessin. People came from the Philadelphia train, and he looked at them expectantly, but I didn't see anyone who could be Rose Semble. Then one of the plain-clothes men we had seen at the dance hall came behind Jessin and took him by the arm. We were following, as he led him toward the cab stand, when I heard a commotion, and two other plain-clothes men came from behind a pillar dragging Tommy Kelting. They put the youths in a cab and took them to the station house, and we followed in another cab.

"I'll tell you something that might make your mind easier," O'Malley said to me as we got near the station house. "Just before I and you went to that dance place tonight I had Mrs. Rollin look at the dead kid and she says it is Rose."

AT THE station house, a lot of headquarters cops had the dance-hall party in the detectives' room. About daylight, O'Malley came out to me.

"Let's have breakfast," he said, "before we go to bed."

"Is the case solved?"

"Sure. Kelting killed her. He told her he figured they was the same as married and I guess Rose thought they was. This Kelting works for a commission company. A few months ago, Kelting met the daughter of one of the partners in the company and he got engaged to get married to her, but he didn't tell Rose. Rose seen Kelting was different to her, and she went with a lot of guys, trying to wake up his interest in her again. Then she found out about the other girl. She told Kelting he wouldn't never marry that girl, because she would see her and tell her about him and herself, and the night Rose got killed she and Kelting met without anybody knowing it, to talk it over. They rode around on a bus, and got off there at Riverside Park and quarreled, and Kelting beat the girl to death. After he done it, he figured a way so she wouldn't be missed. Rose had been looking for a job, so he phoned the drugstore and left a message for Mrs. Rollin that Rose had gone to Philadelphia. He thought he was smart when he pretended to be talking to Rose while he telephoned the message. He figured when Rose wasn't heard from, there wouldn't nobody know if she'd disappeared in Philadelphia or New York, and it wouldn't be traced to him; later on, he went to Philly and sent that wire that Mrs. Rollin thought come from Rose."

"You didn't tell me any of this."

"Sure, I didn't know it. But when Mrs. Rollin didn't know where her niece was, I was sure the dead kid was Rose. So how to find out who killed her? Well, Rose and her aunt used the phone in the drugstore, so that was a clue. Rose had wrote 'one doz. eggs' on the kitchenette wall, and anybody that writes things on one wall will do it on others. So we went to the drugstore. People had wrote numbers on the phone-booth walls, and I copied 'em down, and the phone company give me who the numbers belonged to. Jessin's number, and Caler's, and Walter Dool's all was in the phone booths."

"Was Kelting's?" I asked.

"The number of the company where he worked was there, but I didn't know then he worked for 'em. So I figured one of the three lads Rose had been phoning to most likely had knocked the girl off, and I thought it was Jessin."

"Why?"

"Well, he's a big guy, and Caler and Dool both is smaller ones, and it needed a big guy to beat Rose Semble up like that."

"A fair deduction," I commented. "I suppose it was you who sent the telegram asking Jessin to meet the train."

"I had Philly cops send it. The thing shaped up this way: I knew Rose was dead, but no one else knew it, excepting one guy."

"I SEE," I exclaimed. "The other one knew it because he had killed her!"

"You got it. What would a guy do that got a wire from a girl after he'd killed her? He'd know it was phony, and he'd probably keep quiet about it and not show it to anybody. Whatever he done, I was sure he'd betray himself. When Jessin come back with the wire and showed it to everybody, I knew he was innocent. His actions all showed it. But Kelting was frightened. He knew it was a trick and he couldn't understand it. He was startled, and then he got anxious, and he couldn't hide it. I seen Kelting knew she was dead, and none of the others did."

"Smart business, O'Malley!"

"It trapped him. So when we were coming out of the dance hall, I passed word to the cops outside that Kelting was guilty, and told them to watch him and see what he did. We couldn't do that because he'd seen us sitting at the next table. Kelting got away from the dance hall without saying anything, and he went to the railroad station to see what would happen there. He thought he had to find out what was going on and how much he had to be afraid of. When cops pinched him there, the guy was so shaken that he confessed in the cab. Of course, before I done that shenanigan, I made sure the dead kid was Rose by having Mrs. Rollin look at her."

"That's what I don't understand about it," I objected. "There were more than a hundred letters. You picked out one and you knew from the start you had the right one."

"It was the only one signed 'Rose.' "

"Yes; but what of it?"

"Say, listen! You seen the stones in the ring that dead girl was wearing. It was a kid ring, and it turns out Mrs. Rollin give it to her niece when she was twelve years old."

"The stones?" I reflected. "I remember a ruby, and one was an opal."

"Yeah, sure; and there were a sapphire and an emerald. Well, the first letters of them stones spell 'Rose.' "

"Good Lord, O'Malley, you're a clever policeman!"

"You think so? All through this business I was trying to pin the killing on a guy that was innocent, and I never suspected which guy was the right one. I'd say that was dumb."

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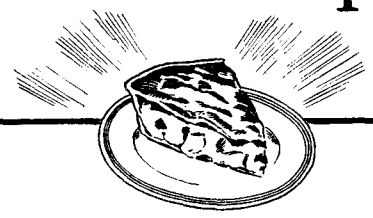
. . . as American as apple pie!



THE HARDY FAMILY, the whole kit and kaboodle of them, have moved in next door to practically everybody in this country—and established themselves in our hearts as the most human, pesky, yet altogether pleasant pack of neighbors anybody ever had.

Ever since Mickey Rooney first went to Lewis Stone for a little confidential, man to man advice... ever since Fay Holden first tried to plaster Mickey's cowlick down, or take some of the shine off his blue serge suit... we've all had a swell time peeking at our new neighbors, the Hardys, through the window-shades, spying out what they're having for dinner, who they're going out with, eavesdropping on their family quarrels and poking our noses into their business in the good old gossipy American way. Too bad Mark Twain never lived to see an Andy Hardy picture.

You can't help liking a real human kid who takes to "swing" as naturally and honestly as he takes to the measles . . . and pulls through both with no ill effects. You can't help liking a family that meets each new crisis with fortitude and real down-to-earth humor . . . whether it's a new girl-friend for Andy, a new dilemma for the Judge or just another squabble about who'll do the dishes.

There's something solid about the Hardy family. "Judge Hardy & Son" is their newest and best adventure. It's mighty well worth seeing! Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

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Original Story and Screen Play by Carey Wilson
Directed by George B. Seitz

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Beauty that is backed VALUE

QUITE naturally the first appeal of General Motors superb new cars of 1940 is to the eye.

Larger, abler, handsomer, they sparkle with improvements plain to see—smarter styling, more room, richer appointments, greater luxury of finish.

The next appeal is to judgment, because all these desirable features are reinforced by elements of solid value developed by one of the leading technical groups of the world of today.

Among such developments are the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, with Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, Knee-Action, more convenient controls, improved hydraulic brakes, smoother and more efficient engines.

Impressive as these betterments are, there are yet other elements of value not visible which are equally important.

Proceeding from the accumulated engineering knowledge of General Motors, these are expressed in the kind and quality of metals used, in the precision with which parts are fitted, in the very designs upon which operating utility is based.

One of the latest advances from this source is a special and entirely new model, available in several lines—the ultra, in both styling and appointments.

Go see the new General Motors cars of 1940—and look also at their prices, since *price is necessarily a component of value, in anything and everything you buy.*

You will find every detail of the price clearly shown on "plainview" price tags on the steering wheel—price tags that emphasize the outstanding *value* in General Motors cars.

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YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE.. AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge—"TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates—"OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

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THE 1939-40 COMPETITION OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS: Here's your opportunity to SPEAK YOUR MIND:

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE announces its third annual quest for young men and women to be America's leaders of tomorrow.

Through The American Youth Forum, every high school or preparatory school student in the United States and its territories again has the opportunity to win one of two $1,000 cash awards, or one of 319 other awards ranging from $5 to $500.

These awards are offered for outstanding expressions, in words or in graphic art, of the thoughts, feelings and hopes of youth for its own future and the future of the nation.

To enable students to express their ideas in the medium best suited to their talents, we are offering awards this school year in two divisions—article and art. In each of these divisions participants may select as their themes any one of several subjects specified by The American Youth Forum.

Every student who is less than twenty-one years of age and regularly enrolled as an undergraduate in a high school or preparatory school anywhere in the United States, its territories, or the Panama Canal Zone, is invited to participate. Awards will be made primarily for originality and soundness of thought. Facility of style and technique will be considered, but they will be of secondary importance in making the awards.

Besides the 321 cash awards and 1,000 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*, there will be special awards for cooperating teachers and for the schools participating most actively.

There are no entry fees and no entrant is obliged to read or buy THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which is sponsoring the competition through The American Youth Forum. Numerous suggestions to contestants, however, will appear each month in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The American Youth Forum, established two years ago to create constructive thinking in the 25,000 high schools across the United States, will again conduct the competition. The Forum aims primarily to provide youth with an incentive to take part in the evolution of American life, to speak what is in its heart and mind, and to develop active interest in the progress of individual communities.

In its first two competitions, the Forum enrolled 592,856 students, the greatest number of American young men and women ever to participate in such an undertaking.

If you are a teacher or student interested in The American Youth Forum and its awards, and you have not heard about it in your school this year, we invite you to write to the Director of The American Youth Forum, *The American Magazine*, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Be sure to furnish the name and address of your school and the name of your principal. Detailed information, posters, and other supplies will then be sent either to the principal or an interested teacher.

THE COMPETITION AT A GLANCE

AIM... To encourage high-school and preparatory-school students to think constructively about their future in relation to that of the United States.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE... Every undergraduate student under 21 years of age who is regularly enrolled in a junior or senior high school or in a private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone.

STUDENT AWARDS...

ARTICLE: $1,000 for the best, $500 for the second best, $100 for the third best, $50 each for the five next best, $25 each for the ten next best, $10 each for the fifty next best, $5 each for the hundred next best, and 500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*.

ART: $1,000 for the best, $500 for the second best, $100 for the third best, $10 each for the fifty next best, $5 each for the hundred next best, and 500 *Certificates of Honorable Mention*.

PRINCIPAL OR TEACHER HONORARIUMS...

$100 to the principal or teacher sponsoring the winner of a first or second award in either division; $25 to the sponsors of third-award winners.

SCHOOL AWARDS... 15 sets of *The Harvard Classics* will be awarded schools having the highest percentage of their pupils to submit entries to the Forum.

NEW YORK TRIPS... A week's trip to New York and the New York World's Fair of 1940 will be given the first-award winners and their principal or teacher sponsors in both divisions, at the expense of The American Youth Forum and *The American Magazine*, the time to be designated later.

COMPETITION SUBJECTS...

ARTICLE: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*; or *How Much Security Is Enough?*

ART: *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*; or *My Community: Its Place in the Nation*.

JUDGES...

ARTICLE: Mrs. Hortense Odlum, leading business woman, President, Bonwit Teller; Dr. Frank P. Graham, President, University of North Carolina; Mr. Sumner Blossom, Editor, *The American Magazine*.

ART: Mr James C. Boudreau, Director, The Pratt Institute of Fine and Applied Arts; Mr. Dean Cornwell, noted illustrator; and Mr. Albert Lefcourte, Art Director, *The American Magazine*.

SPONSORSHIPS... A principal or teacher becomes the sponsor of a student by signing the student's entry and thus indicating that, to the best of his knowledge, the work is original with the student. Sponsors are permitted to advise as to background material and to criticize throughout. All sponsors are asked to encourage their participating students to avoid duplicating the language and designs of others, since the Forum is interested only in Youth's original ideas.

TIME... The competition will close midnight, March 22, 1940.

NO ENTRY FEES... There are no entry fees or student blanks, and all posters, broadsides, pamphlets, etc., are furnished at the expense of *The American Magazine*. It is not necessary to buy The American Magazine to participate, although news of the competition and valuable hints for the participants will be included each month.

RESULTS OF PREVIOUS COMPETITIONS...

592,856 students completed entries in the first two years. Last year more than 22,000 teachers in 6,478 schools used the Forum competition as a basis for classroom work.

250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 30

He waited for Morgan to speak and when Morgan kept silent he added: "That notice should have been posted a month before the sale. Somebody's got at somebody to hold off until it was too late for you. It's nine o'clock now. Eighteen hours until four tomorrow. Hundred and ninety miles to go."

Morgan said: "I talked to Fred Rich at the post office a few days ago, and he knew nothing." He drove his hands in his pockets; he had his head up; he was watching the mouth of the Odd Fellows' doorway. But he wasn't seeing it, Catherine realized. He was a long, still shape in the shadows, quietly considering this little treachery. He had a way of absorbing trouble and punishment without showing emotion: he had a way of storing these things in his mind. He said: "All right, Harry."

He turned back with Catherine. She said: "Speculators, Clay. Or Ben." She knew how he felt about Government Valley.

The music had stopped. Coming up the stairs, they saw Herendeen and Ann standing at the edge of the hall, neither one liking the other enough to keep up conversation. Herendeen never bothered to conceal his feelings. He displayed resentment now as they came forward. He ducked his head at Catherine. "My dance," he said, and led her away. Out on the floor he looked toward Clay Morgan, a thoughtfulness on his cheeks.

Ann said: "Don't make me dance with him again."

He said: "I guess I've got to take you home. I'll have to ride."

He got her wrap at once and they went down the stairs. The sense of wasting time pushed Morgan along, making Ann McGarrah walk quite fast. On the store porch he thought to lift his hat. "Tell Janet I'll be back to take her home on Wednesday," he said, and swung away.

For Ann McGarrah the evening went flat as she watched him go; he had not thanked her; he had not even thought of her these last moments; he had not taken her into his confidence and mentioned the trouble that now made him disappear at the head of the street. Still and dark and hurt, she looked down at the smooth front of her dress, knowing that she was pretty and knowing she had, for a moment, warmed his heart. And then this had gone. She thought of Catherine, coolly and critically, and turned into the store. Janet was asleep. Standing over the bed in the dark room, Ann McGarrah watched Janet's small, sweetly mature face, seeing there so much of her mother. This was the secure grip Lila held on Clay Morgan—this was Lila's power, this was her way of forever reminding Clay of the past, and this was her way of holding him to an unreal, unjust obligation. Thinking of all this, Ann McGarrah hated Lila with a secret passionate fullness. She turned back the extra covers from the child and left the room.

Going up Stage Street, Clay Morgan reached Harley Stewart's house at the top of the hill. When Stewart came to the door, Morgan said: "Come down to the bank, Harley. I've got to have some money inside of fifteen minutes."

HACK BREATHITT held himself in the thick shadows by the courthouse corner and saw McGeen and Liard Connor leave the Long Grade Saloon. The two of them immediately separated, McGeen turning toward Old Town while Connor traveled to Gentry's stable. More Three Pines riders drifted from the saloon, moving toward the dance hall. Instead of going up the stairs they turned down the black alley between the Odd Fellows' Hall and the adjoining saddle shop. Meanwhile, Clay Morgan walked down Stage Street with Harley Stewart, these two going into the bank. A light flashed on. Jesse Rusey appeared from the darkness, at once crossing to the bank and looking through the window. Lige and Mrs. White left the dance hall and passed Hack, on the way to the hotel. Hack heard Lige say in his light, courteous voice: "I'll have a drink or two with the boys, then we'll go home." Presently Lige returned from the hotel, passed the saloon and followed the Burnt Ranch road, disappearing toward Mrs. Benson's house. Hack clucked his tongue in disapproval, saw Morgan come out of the bank and went at once toward his partner.

"Stayin' around, Clay?"

"No," said Morgan, "I'm riding out." He saw the glitter of Hack's gun-belt buckle. "What's up?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' at all."

"You sure? Anything I can do?"

Breathitt's face showed a long, quick grin. "Not a thing."

MORGAN said, "Don't let anybody push you into the wrong stall, Hack," and turned across the street to his horse. Hack watched Morgan lift the saddle leather and haul up the latigo. Morgan stepped into the saddle; he kicked his feet into the stirrups, sat there a moment looking ahead of him, and went out of War Pass at a long-reaching gallop. Hack thought, "I ought to be with him." Liard Connor appeared at the bank corner, exactly opposite the point he had disappeared a few minutes before, whereupon Hack Breathitt crossed Stage Street, passed the hotel and ducked down an alley. He threshed around the broken boxes and tin cans and bottles behind Shevlin's pool hall, made a wide sweep of this completely black area and came into the street again near Old Town.

At this same moment McGeen stepped from the shadows of the blacksmith shop. He had his head turned, watching the upstreet direction, but whipped around when he heard the strike of Breathitt's boots. The two stood here, face to face with half the street between them. Hack didn't say anything. He held his ground, showing McGeen his swift, malicious grin. McGeen pulled up both hands and caught the lapel of his coat, which was his way of showing Hack he didn't want to draw and afterward he rolled up the street toward the saloon. Connor was near the door of the Long Grade; he saw McGeen —and started down to join him.

Breathitt's laughter was a soft bubble in his throat. He crossed the street and circled the blacksmith shop at a short, jumpy run. Behind the Long Grade he heard a man groan; he tripped over a soft shape and went down, his knees planted on the yielding stomach of a drunk. The drunk woke blindly and struck out windmill style with his hands. He caught Hack Breathitt's legs, bringing Breathitt down again; and these two wrestled around the rank-smelling barroom sweepings, gritting over broken chips and cigar boxes. Breathitt shook himself free and trotted on around the Odd Fellows' building into a small vacant lot adjoining Gentry's livery stable. The dance-hall lights fell on the street and, hugging the side of the wall, Hack saw Liard Connor step from Gentry's. Hack was softly laughing again, at Connor's back. He said, "Wrong way, Liard," and watched Connor jerk around.

Connor said: "All right—all right." But he wasn't talking to Breathitt. Bones McGeen broke out of the shadows near the bank, and so they had him on the hip. Somebody kicked out a window in the dance hall, the glass splattering around Breathitt. McGeen had quit advancing. Liard Connor, no longer in motion, said again, "All right," and dropped his hands.

They had him hipped. Drawing, he had his one single moment's choice—McGeen on his left or Connor in front of him; knowing Connor to be the tougher man, he threw his shot that way. Connor's head flew up and the sound of Hack Breathitt's gun pounded between the walls of the street and was drowned out by Bones McGeen's quick-following fire. Connor fell on the walk and pulled himself to his knees; his gun had dropped on the walk and now he crawled forward, trying to reach it, and fell again with his arm stretched out full length, fingers touching the gun's butt.

Hack Breathitt felt McGeen's shots breathe by. He snapped an answer across the street, meanwhile plunging past the open mouth of Gentry's toward his horse. The shadows sheltered him and McGeen's shots crushed through the soft wood of the stable wall, wide of their mark. Men's boots pounded down the Odd Fellows' stairway; somewhere a woman screamed. Breathitt was on his horse, racing along the Burnt Ranch road when, looking back, he saw four Herendeen men rush from the side of the courthouse. McGeen was in front of him, but fading back from Breathitt's fire, into the shallow alleyway beside the bank. Low-bent, Breathitt went by him, pounding the pony with his spurs. There was a short following fire and afterward, in the safe darkness beyond town, Breathitt's Indian yell sailed up. He was a fugitive then, and knew it; and this was his way of telling them so.

ALL this had died down when Catherine Grant returned to the hotel to spend the night. Ben Herendeen was in the courthouse with the dead Liard Connor and half of the Three Pines outfit had stormed away from town on Hack Breathitt's heels. The dance was over. One by one the rigs of the homesteaders and small ranchers wheeled out of War Pass and lights began to die on the street. Standing momentarily on the porch of the Mountain House she saw Mrs. Lige White waiting in the ladies' sitting room for her husband. Mrs. White sat straight in the chair, hands tightly together in her lap and her eyes fixed strangely and staringly at a wall. Catherine walked through Old Town to the cemetery. All talk and all sound from War Pass reached here only as a gentle wave. The air was soft and cool and the peace of the dead had its way with her. She crouched by Lila Morgan's grave, touching the headstone, and remained this way, long-thinking and wistful. "Lila," she murmured, "if you want him to be happy, let him go."

MORGAN took the desert road as soon as he left War Pass, heading northeast into the open flats. Twenty-five miles away the Fort Smith Hills cut a black, cardboard outline against the pale night sky. His horse was fairly fresh and wanted to go; and so he let it stretch out. An hour out of War Pass found him well into the desert. At eleven o'clock he had reached the Fort Smith Hills and was climbing a canyon grade. At midnight, from a summit point, he looked down upon the breaks of the Crooked River, whose rounded peaks and shale pinna-

"Heer's a smile un a glass,
Un a toast un a cheer
Fur th' Season's guid things -
Wee hae maist o' them heer."

"Here's a smile and a glass, And a toast and a cheer
For the Season's good things—We have most of them here."

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cles and bare ravines lay tangled and disheveled in the moonlight.

From this elevation he saw one lone light buried in a far pocket, which was the location of Vane Walrad's ranch, and went downgrade into the river canyon. Crooked River, where he forded it, was a shallow clatter of water across gravel. He came upon a cliff at the far side and beat his way along a rising trail, crossed a ridge, and descended to the river again. So, alternately following the river and cutting over high points, he pressed deeper and deeper into this tortured country until at last he felt the gelding slowly give out.

Beyond one in the morning, at the bottom of two high ridges, with the river still flowing between, he sighted a close row of poplar trees beyond the stream. He pressed over a swaying cable bridge, the gelding's feet booming up enormous echoes from the planking. Before he saw the house definitely he began calling: "Hello, there—hello, Walrad."

There was a yard behind the poplars and the blurred skeletal outline of corrals and wagons and hayracks; and a house almost hidden by the trees. A door slammed. He passed through the poplars to reach a front porch, and held his seat there until Walrad's voice came at him, sleepy and uncharitable: "Well, who is it?"

"Clay Morgan. I'm riding straight through to Sage City, Vane. My horse is going bad."

"MORGAN?" said the man, and was still. Morgan heard a pair of horses stirring in the adjoining corral. One of them softly whinnied, and then the rancher said with a reviving cordiality, "Sure, Clay." Coming off the gelding at once, Morgan unsaddled and went into the corral. He caught one of the ponies there and threw on his gear. Walrad came up, only saying: "Late for you, Clay." The pony pitched with Morgan and was still. Clay said:

"This canyon road all right? I haven't been over it for ten years."

"Go up the long grade when you hit the schoolhouse."

"I'll be back to pick up my horse in two days."

A road—a better road than he had been following—skirted the river. The new horse was light and restless and inclined to spend itself in a hurry and Morgan knew it would be worn out before daylight.

Later the grade leveled out and he put the horse into a run; but this was only for a brief stretch, for the ridge still showed against him and above him, and now the grade began to loop from one switchback to another. The horse settled to a plodding walk. Morgan, checking his restlessness with effort, felt the priceless time slipping by. He had covered about three miles on the grade; and these switchbacks covered another three miles at least. When at last he saw the black shadow give way to the velvet, undulating shine of grasslands ahead, he knew he had lost an hour in the canyon.

He set the pony to a gallop. There was the hulking shadow of a shanty beside the road, its glassless windows speaking of ruin. Somebody camped near it, one horse on picket, and a half-shape rose from blankets as he ran by. Ahead of him, at unknown distance, another barrier of hills showed a low, saddle-shaped outline. He rose and fell with the swelling contours of the high grasslands. Moonlight put a silver, phosphorescent glow to the road's dust. Pulled in for a brief walk, he looked at his watch and found it to be half past two; one hour later, with the moonlight changing and day not far away, he knew his horse was done. Nor could he see the shadow of ranch or house ahead. He let the pony drop to a walk and in this time-eating way covered the next half-hour. The road climbed to a long roll of land, tipped over the crest and point into a shallow meadow, through which a creek ran with a pale glowing. There was a box-elder grove here. Coming to the water, he let his horse drink; and heard a rustling in the low tree branches. A tall white horse, followed by three others, came out of the covert and stopped to scent the air.

MORGAN reached for his rope, gently shaking it loose. He built up a loop, holding it down beside his pony. He kept the pony in the middle of the creek, watching the tall white horse throw up its head and hearing its outblast of suspecting breath. The white horse had started to turn when Morgan gave the loop a whirl and made his throw.

The white horse was on the dead run then, but the touch of rope stopped it at once. Morgan rode out of the water and dismounted, holding the rope's free end. He kept a little tension on the white horse, circled toward the box elders, and made a tie around the nearest tree. The other free horses had bolted into the night.

Morgan walked along the rope slowly, speaking to the horse. He came up against its head, running his hand along the beast's jaw, and down along the neck; rope-wise, it stood still, but he felt the stiffness of its muscles, its waiting dynamite. Afterward he ran back to his used-up pony, took off the saddle and carried it to the white horse. He slid on the saddle gently, still keeping up his talk. He got the cinch under its belly and put his head against the white horse's side, and waited a moment; and heaved on the latigo and made a quick tie. The tall animal's back feet minced around, it tugged against the rope a little and stood still again.

Morgan returned to his pony and slipped off the bridle. It had stood all this while on dropped reins; with the bridle gone it moved away into the paling shadows. Morgan went back to the white horse, bridled it and rolled up his rope. The white horse wound with him and its back feet began to hit the ground. Morgan tried for the stirrup, and missed it; he caught the horn with his right hand, threw the reins over the white horse's head with his left hand and made his jump. He was barely in the saddle when the white horse fell to pitching.

Morgan hit the horn with the flat of his hand to catch his balance. His right foot missed the flying stirrup again, and thus he weathered it through; the horse made a half-dozen long forward pitches, kicking out with its back legs. It whirled with him and went high up and came down hard enough to jar Morgan's liver and throw him forward against the horn. Morgan slashed his right toe around, seeking the stirrup, and was carried into the air again. The horse weighed better than eleven hundred and the jar of its landing shook Morgan's teeth and made his nose run. He was half off the saddle then, grabbing leather, but his next right-footed kick caught the stirrup and, thus braced, he set the horse on its haunches. The animal wheeled, shook itself and started to run.

The dipper was in the sky and by it he set his course. The scare had left this heavy, hardmouthed animal, but the bottom was still in it and it swept forward at a long run. Morgan wiped his nose and turned a little to ease the pain of his bruised ribs.

This was the first gray morning's twilight, cold and empty. Before him lay the rolling grasslands, bordered in the near distance by mountains in purple-black outline. When he reached the foothills he followed the mark of a cattle trail up a canyon; from the summit of these hills he saw day break bright and cloudless out of the east. He had been partly familiar with the Crooked River country, but this was strange land and he looked down from the ridge into a pocket country covered with pines and crisscrossed gulches. Dropping into it, he began to feel the effects of his ride for the first time.

TEN hours out of War Pass found him threading the pine timber. Here and there a woodcutter's road led away, and occasionally he saw cattle grazing. He was considerably higher now, and through one vista he viewed a patch of snow nested against the side of a mountain; at eight o'clock, crossing an upland meadow covered by the shadow of an iron-pointed peak, he came upon a road that forked two ways, no sign showing.

He stopped the horse to watch the sun and made his guess and took the fork bearing northward. It led him higher by gradual degrees and into heavier timber and brought him by a lake lying lonely and beautiful in its green cup. He stopped to give the horse and himself a drink, and pressed on again, shoving the big beast to a run. The peak was a huge axis around which Morgan slowly turned while the morning passed and the land reached its crest and fell away. The trail came beside the churning, white-watered froth of a river and kept to it for ten miles, thenceforth striking through a dense stand of jack pines. Into this he went, into its sunless, aromatic twilight, into its thick silence. Dust whipped strong behind him and the twin ruts of the road kept curving with the falling slope; the running feet of the horse lifted almost no report on a carpet of pine needles made by a hundred years of falling.

At noon the country changed again, the pines dropping behind and a canyon taking him down a rocky draw. Shortly thereafter a desert of scab rock and sage, smoky with fall's heat and fall's distant brush fires, unrolled before him. Nowhere did he see a break—either the shape of a ranch, or a town, or a moving object. He had his moment of tremendous disappointment; and then, completely clearing the canyon, he discovered, on his right, a chuck wagon and a half-dozen riders seated around it.

He pulled over at once but remained in the saddle until the wagon boss said: "Get off and pitch in."

HE STEPPED stiffly from the saddle, found a tin plate and cup at the tail gate of the chuck wagon and helped himself to the pan of short ribs and Dutch oven bread by the fire. He crouched there, drinking down two cups of hot, strong coffee without delay, before touching the solid food. The mark of the long ride was on him and on the big jaded horse and Morgan knew that the crew, sprawled idly under the sun, saw all this and were making their guesses. A man on the run, they would be thinking. He finished his meal and tapered a cigarette and lay back on the ground, propped up by an elbow. This food hit him like a shot of whisky. It took the heaviness out of his muscles, it made him cheerful. But he was increasingly pushed by the sense of wasting time. He said: "Which way to Sage City?"

The wagon boss drawled: "There's a trail about five miles over yonder. Keep on it. I hear old man Lowry ain't in good health."

Morgan thought about that. The brand on the big white horse was Running L. Maybe that was what the puncher was talking about.

He said: "Never met him. I've been on the trail since last night at nine o'clock, from War Pass. I swapped horses at Crooked River, and roped this one off the grasslands. What I need is a fresh horse for the ride into Sage City. I'll be back this way day after tomorrow."

"Not a bad ride," said the wagon boss idly, and let the silence come on. Morgan dragged the good smoke from his cigarette, waiting for this crew to figure it out. The smoky haze of fall was a blue-gray ceiling over the scab-rock desert; the sun was warm but the smell of winter was in the air, and the coming crispness of winter was in it. This range was three thousand feet higher than the War Pass country.

The wagon boss had made up his mind. He said: "No, not a bad ride at all. Take that strawberry."

Morgan rose at once. His upper legs had gone stiff; he stamped his feet on the ground and limped over to the white horse. He put his gear on the strawberry and hit the saddle and let the horse pitch a little before he hauled it around. "See you day after tomorrow," he said.

The wagon boss nodded: "We'll be here."

(To be continued next week)

"Boy! Just what I needed!" JEFF KEATE

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Music round the Mountains

Continued from page 11

Albert Pike, insurance man of Rutland can be pointed out. When he found the orchestra needed a bassoonist, he bought himself one of the strange things, learned to play it from an instruction book and is now a cherished member of the organization.

But behind it all and keeping the organization together is Alan Carter, thirty-five years old and a very handsome fellow. Born in Connecticut, he started taking violin lessons at six, and at seven he was playing in the orchestra of the New York Third Street Settlement. His mother, who is herself an accomplished pianist and knows how rocky the road can be for a professional musician, tried to knock such nonsense out of the boy's head by sending him to an exclusive private school, where he would be sure to hear a great deal about worldly success, the soft life and the playing fields of Eton. It didn't work out well. The problem child flunked all his studies but organized and conducted a student orchestra which was the best the school had ever had.

After a second failure in a school even flossier, the family surrendered and young Carter was next found under the tutelage of Leopold Auer, the martinet who turned out such great men as Heifetz, Elman and Zimbalist. Later he studied conducting under van Hoogstraten and went abroad at his suggestion, studying successively with Nanwinck in Paris, Kilian in Munich, and delli Ponti in Milan. For a year he played with the Cologne Symphony in Germany.

When he got back to New York he formed the Westchester Quartette and then left for Chicago, where he spent five years dealing in Stradivarius violins. Back in New York again he formed the Cremona Quartette, met Barbara Kent and discovered Vermont. Before he joined the faculty of Middlebury College this year the Carters lived on a hilltop near Woodstock with their three children.

The Vermont Symphony is now in its fourth season and is getting better every year. Knowing the need of developing players, Carter has been instrumental in the formation of what he calls "feeder" orchestras. In Montpelier Mrs. Frances Bailey runs the Little Symphony of Washington County; the Burlington training orchestra has thirty-five players; a similar orchestra in Rutland is of the same size. These have been tootling and fiddling regularly for the past few years and have already graduated over a dozen players into the main organization.

Up at Barre there is an even more striking manifestation. In that famed marble town Dr. William Jarvis has launched the Barre Junior Orchestra, strictly for poor children. Nobody who can afford an instrument or can pay for music lessons is eligible. The good doctor is a bug on string instruments and has a room full of cellos and violins, which he passes out to the needy.

"What we want to get next," says Mr. Carter, "is a Floating Conservatory of Music. We want teachers to go around to the small towns and give lessons for a dollar each. It'll take some money to get it started but we'll make it eventually."

Music Comes First

The most amazing result of the success of the Vermont orchestra is that Mr. Carter has been receiving requests from professional musicians all over the country, anxious to get work, not in the musical line but in other categories, so they can have the leisure to play. Carter tries to find them jobs.

The business has taken on the air of a crusade. Last year the Montpelier concert was held during one of the worst sleet storms ever known in that region. The soloist was Zlatko Balakovic, who was on his way to Boston to play with Koussevitsky. The orchestra was there and the audience was there, storm or no storm.

Musically the only embarrassing moment came when Walter Belding, second fiddle, made a highly noticeable mis-entry during a hushed moment in the Tchaikovsky Symphony. Mr. Carter never said a word because he and everybody else knew the history behind the mistake. Mr. Belding, engineer for the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, had not been in bed for 48 hours. He had rehearsed with the orchestra in Middlebury, driving thirty-five miles back to Rutland, been climbing poles and running a harassed crew straightening out the wreckage of the storm, and had then driven sixty miles to Montpelier for the concert. When it was over he drove the sixty miles to Rutland and went on with his work. The point is that nothing was going to keep him away from his music.

If at times there are difficulties, everybody bears up bravely. There was, for instance, the gentleman who was being waited on by the attractive waitress in Bob Royce's White Cupboard Inn at Woodstock. After she had brought in his main course, she disappeared and he waited for her return with some impatience. Just as he was about to bellow for the management, he looked out the window and saw the young lady bouncing around the corner on the rear end of an open truck. She was standing up behind the driver's seat, holding a huge body of wires which turned out to be a harp.

This was Betty Anthony, who had come all the way from Streator, Illinois, because she was determined to play with the Vermont Symphony or bust. Carter admitted that he most certainly needed a harp but that he had nothing whatever to use for money in paying a harpist. That was when Betty took the job as waitress.

"It's a fine thing," the loyal Vermonter admitted, "and as a lover of this great state I am very proud, but . . ." He paused and then sighed again: "But I wish she'd brought in my pie before she left."

Fire at Night

Continued from page 23

there. They stood around in a group looking on helplessly, the shovels and buckets they had brought lying useless in the snow. Dave identified them as he came up: Harry Brewster, and Alf Engblatt, and Vince Hurd, and the Soderstrom twins. They said, "Hello," to his father and moved uneasily, as if they were slightly apologetic for not having done something. Mel Soderstrom opened his mouth to spit and said, "She was too far gone time we got here. Hell, we might just as well stayed at home, all the good we could do."

Alf Engblatt nodded his head. "Got his stock out, and most of the furniture and things. He's some lucky to do that."

They had house furnishings piled hill high in the snow. Dave saw Mrs. Sundquist and the baby and Gretchen sitting in chairs by the side of the pile. He walked over there. His father couldn't object to that, he guessed.

Gretchen Sundquist looked up at him. He could tell she had been crying, but she looked at him gravely now. "Well, Dave . . ." she said.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry," he said. "It don't do much good, but I wanted you to know."

"I'd have known that," she said, "without your telling me."

"Sure." He nodded his head. "Everything'll be all right," he said. That sounded pretty foolish, he guessed. He searched in his mind for words to tell her about how he'd like to take care of her, some way to reassure her if he could. He couldn't find the words he wanted. "Well," he said. "I guess I better be gettin' back. Maybe there's something we can do."

He rejoined the group of men. They still stood listlessly looking at the fire. The circle of melted snow had widened, showing the bare earth beneath, and the pulsations of heat beat at their faces. Mr. Sundquist had appeared from somewhere. His broad face was slack; his blue eyes looked hurt and bewildered.

"It must have been a flue," he said. He shook his head as though trying to understand what had happened to him. "I woke up and smelled the smoke, but it was too late then."

The men in the circle moved uneasily, embarrassed. Dave dug his boot into the snow, wondering what to say.

Alf Engblatt finally said, "We ain't got much room, Pete, but you're welcome to stay with us long as you want."

There was a murmur of assent from the crowd. It wouldn't work, though, Dave thought. All any of these men owned were homesteaders' shacks, one-room board shanties lined with building paper, and four or five people living in each one. There just wasn't space enough to take care of anyone else. We're the only ones could do it, he thought, and I can't make the offer.

He remarked the glances of the men in his father's direction. John Kelso was the only one who hadn't spoken,

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and it surprised Dave to hear him speaking now. He cleared his throat as though he were making a speech, looking around at the other men.

"Sundquist," he said, "I got a three-room house on my place. Maybe you could make out there till warm weather comes."

For just a moment Dave felt a surge of hope, but he looked at his father then, and knew it was wrong. John Kelso's voice was unwilling and ungracious. Kindness hadn't prompted his making the offer. It was the only way he could save his face in front of his neighbors. It wouldn't make any difference in the way he felt, and the reluctant way he had gone about it made Dave feel suddenly ashamed for him.

Mr. Sundquist started to say something, but his father interrupted him, taking command of things the way he always did.

"You got a hayrack and a team. We could maybe take some of these things over now. David," he said, "you take the women in the sleigh. Well, what the hell we waiting for?"

With a little maneuvering he got it arranged the way he wanted it. Mrs. Sundquist sat in back, wrapped up in blankets and holding the baby. When he helped her in she spoke to him quietly.

"We take this as being kindly of you," she said.

It brought the tight rage back into Dave's throat. They shouldn't be beholden for something that wasn't a real kindness, although his father would like that humility, he supposed.

HE UNTIED Star and Dancer and got in beside Gretchen. After he got the team lined out he pulled one of his mittens off between his knees so he could feel her hand pressing his under the robe. Just holding her hand like that made him forget his anger at his father, and the cold, and the cut of the snow spinning back from the horses' trotting.

They couldn't talk much with her mother sitting right behind them, but they didn't need to talk. When they passed the hill where they used to meet he looked at her, and saw her smiling at him, and that was all he wanted. He pulled the team in a little, making it last as long as he could.

Ahead of them yellow lamplight shone from the windows, and the outlines of the house took on a definite shape in the night. Dave pulled the horses in.

His mother stood in the door holding a lamp for them, and there was no surprise or embarrassment in her manner when she saw who was with him. She was quiet and kindly the way she always was. You could depend on that anyway, he thought. Sometimes he couldn't see how she had lived with his father as long as she had, being such a different sort of person. He helped Mrs. Sundquist and the baby up the steps, and then got back in the sleigh.

"I'll stable the team," he said, "and put a fire in the other house. No reason you can't move right in."

It would make it easier for them, he guessed, not having to face his father's ungracious hospitality. He drove into the barnyard and unhitched. He hung the harness on the pegs in the tack room, and forked down a little hay from the mow. Then he took the lantern and started down the slope toward the log house.

He laid his fire in the kitchen range and poured some kerosene from one of the lamps over it and put a match to it. Then he got the two buckets and went out to the pump for water.

When he came back in the house Gretchen was standing by the stove. He put the buckets down on the bench.

"You didn't have to come down," he said. "You could've stayed up there to get warm."

She smiled her slow smile at him. "You don't mind, Dave?"

"No," he said. "I guess you know by now I'd want you here always," he said. "I don't see that does any good though."

The top of the range was getting a dull cherry-red. Dave closed the kitchen door then, and shut the drafts on the stove. The warm, yellow lamplight and the heat coming out made the room suddenly cheerful and isolated in the night. As if they were the only two people in the world, Dave thought.

Gretchen had found a broom and was sweeping the floors. When that was done she filled the reservoir in the range with water and put a kettle on to boil. He stood there watching her swift, deft movements, trying to pretend that it would go on this way, with just the two of them in the house. Trying to hold that feeling of isolation. The way it should be, he thought. The way it would be if they were married, and he had come in from a day in the fields to rest while she got supper for him. It wouldn't stay though, knowing, the way he did, how hopeless it was. One thing anyway, he guessed, she'd be near him for a little while, where he could see her every day.

"I added a tablespoon of kerosene to the brandy!" W. C. TRENT

It almost seemed that she knew what he had been thinking, because she smiled at him suddenly.

"We'd have red-checked curtains at the windows, Dave," she said. "And you'd have to build more cabinet space in the kitchen. . . . Oh, Dave!" she said.

HE CROSSED the room and put his arms around her, holding her tight against him, as if he'd never let her go.

"Maybe something will happen, Dave."

"No," he said. There was no use hoping, he knew. Just thinking about what his father would do if he ever found out made him afraid, and under those conditions there was only one thing he could ever do that would help. "I could leave home," he said. He felt her arms tighten around him. "The trouble is," he said, "it might be a long time before I could send for you. Maybe you wouldn't want to wait."

"You know I'd wait for you, Dave."

"All right," he said. "Maybe it wouldn't be too long." He said that, not believing it. Two or three years when you were young were almost a lifetime, if you couldn't even see each other. So many things could change. And with no money at all it took time to get a start. The only thing he knew was farming. "We wouldn't need much at first," he said. "Maybe it wouldn't be too long."

It made her feel better, he guessed. "It isn't fair to you though," she said. "You'd get this farm if it wasn't for me."

"I don't want it," he said. "I don't want anything from him ever again."

OUTSIDE, the sound of horses came down-wind, sharp and clear through the crisp air, the jingle of harness buckles and the creak of sled runners over the snow. Dave opened the door, and stood there for a moment. One thing she ought to know, he guessed, and that was the truth. "If I wasn't afraid of him," he said, "maybe things would be different." Then he stepped outside and closed the door.

With three of them working it didn't take long to move what household goods they needed inside. Things they didn't need they left on the hayrack under a tarpaulin. When they had the job all done Mr. Sundquist came outside with them for a minute. He was ill at ease, and words didn't come easily to him.

"Kelso," he said, "I know how you feel." He put his hand out. "That's your own business," he said, "but I want you to know we thank you."

John Kelso turned away without speaking. Mr. Sundquist didn't move, and Dave stood for a moment, undecided, feeling the anger and shame rise up in him. It seemed to him that he waited for a long time, and then his father's voice cut across his mind.

"You going to stand there all night?" John Kelso said. "Come on home."

As if he were calling a dog, Dave thought. He said, "Yes, sir," from force of habit, hating himself for it. Nothing could ever change it though, he knew. He hesitated, breathing, and his father's voice came louder this time: "David!"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'm coming." He turned around then and followed his father toward the house.

He took his boots off by the stove in the living room, because if he took them off upstairs the cold made the leather so stiff he couldn't get them on his feet in the morning.

"Fifteen minutes after two," John Kelso said. He was sitting in a chair fumbling at the laces of his boots with stiff, awkward fingers. "Hell!" he said, "it ain't enough you have to move his house for him, you have to stay up all night to see he don't do anything wrong. That damned dumb Swede," he said.

Some quality in his father's voice made Dave look up at him. It wasn't that there was anything new in his being mad, or in what he was saying, but there was a difference some place. John Kelso was using the same words he always used, but it didn't sound the same. It didn't have the sonorous quality, and the fine sincerity that John Kelso usually got into his profanity.

Dave let one boot fall and sat there listening to his father's voice, and then suddenly he knew, without knowing how he knew, what the trouble was. The thing he saw was that you couldn't stay mad at anyone who is dependent on your kindness and generosity, and that you couldn't hate anybody you were doing a favor for. It sounded crazy maybe, but he knew it was true. And he realized then why his father had acted the way he had when Mr. Sundquist had tried to thank him. He'd made up his mind about being mad at Mr. Sundquist three years ago, and he didn't want to lose it no matter what he had to do to keep it.

It was a pretty funny thing, Dave thought. He put his other boot on the floor, and looked up, and it was as though he were really seeing his father for the first time in his life.

He saw him then, not as a stern and unkindly man, but as a sensitive person making a constant effort to hide that sensitivity. It explained a lot of things, Dave thought. It explained the half-smile that he had surprised occasionally on his mother's face when John Kelso was in the midst of one of his rages, because she had undoubtedly known what Dave had just discovered. That all the violence in his father's nature was simulated as some sort of defense. Beneath all that growling and swearing his father was as soft and sentimental as a woman, and ashamed of it, and he had to swear and yell so other people wouldn't know.

DAVE sat there for a moment with his thoughts confused, and all the hatred and bitterness and fear of his father left him like a snowbank melting away when a chinook wind starts blowing. It had taken so many years for him to see, he thought, but they'd make up for it from now on. He got up out of his chair.

"That damned dumb Swede," John Kelso said.

Dave put his head back and laughed outright.

"Go on to bed," John Kelso said. "What the hell you waiting for?"

"I just wanted to say good night," Dave said. He was standing by the door and he did something then that he had never dared do before in his life. He came across the room and put his hand on his father's shoulder where he was hunched over the stove. "Good night, Dad," he said.

His father's face came up glaring. He opened his mouth to swear, but Dave grinned at him, and he looked down again, fumbling with his boot laces.

"Good night, Davey," he said. He propped one foot up on the stove. "You want to sleep in the morning," he said, "I guess you could. I guess I could do everything there is to be done."

"All right, Dad," Dave said. He went out of the room and started up the stairs, feeling fine and certain of himself. In one minute your life could change, he thought. Just through seeing one thing you'd never seen before. Everything would be all right now, he guessed. He could talk to his father now about the farm and Gretchen, and everything was going to be fine.

He walked on up the stairs. It was cold in the hall but he didn't mind. Something in the way he felt about his father made him warm inside with a warmth that outside cold could never touch.

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"In other words, you get 100 times more value for your dollar in a tire today. You'd hardly call that a hardship on consumers, would you?"

MRS. WEDDELL: **"Is that all due to advertising—didn't improved manufacturing methods and greater demand help reduce prices?"**

MR. LITCHFIELD: "They most certainly did, Mrs. Weddell. But the point is, if we didn't advertise we wouldn't have an annual market for *millions* of tires. We couldn't afford to invest large sums in research and new machinery that enable us to keep building more value into our product at steadily decreasing cost to the public. It's advertising that makes the mare go."

MRS. WEDDELL: **"But somebody has to pay the cost of advertising, Mr. Litchfield. Who foots the bill?"**

MR. LITCHFIELD: "It's a mistake to think of advertising as increasing cost. Actually, if you pro-rate a manufacturer's total advertising cost against the total number of products sold, you'll find the cost per unit is very little. And as tires illustrate, this modest expenditure often insures the public cash savings many times more valuable.

"In a sense, you see, advertising pays for itself. And the greater volume of business it produces makes work for thousands of men, creates larger markets for raw materials and provides larger taxes for the support of the government."

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

Advertising plays a part in everybody's life. That's why we (Collier's) have published this talk about advertising. Naturally, we'd like to know what you think of it. Did you find it interesting? Is there information in it you didn't have before? Haven't *you* some thoughts *you'd* like to express, or questions you'd like some businessman to answer? Let us hear from you. Your comments will be most welcome. Write to "Advertising Round-Table," Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York. (Other discussions about advertising are also appearing in Woman's Home Companion and The American Magazine.)

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Christmas Luck

Continued from page 9

"I call it the limit!" commented Peggy, with bitter emphasis on the last word.

"It is, it is," Dick Daniels agreed warmly. "And I want to say that the folks at the office feel terrible about it. And, as I say, they want your mother to have the finest refrigerator they've got, the Super-Duplex—"

They hardly heard him. In their dismay, each member of the group was absorbed in his own thoughts, occupied with his own adjustment.

"Well, I guess we ought to have known it'd come out that way. I always thought there'd be a catch in it," Van Dyke observed, with a laugh devoid of mirth.

"There was no catch in it." Dick was off again, earnestly explanatory. Again the Bakers lapsed into separate states of gloom.

Oliver sat perfectly still. He had had for a few moments the illusion that he could rescue those he loved from this drab setting. Now it seemed to him he could not rise to the struggle again.

His older son, before going off to see his girl as usual, had dismissed the event with a few half-impatient, half-contemptuous monosyllables: "Gosh! Wouldn't you know it? You might know the old man couldn't pull a thing like this!"

HIS daughter had vented her disappointment in incredulity, anger, tears. It always hurt him terribly to see Peggy cry. She was no crybaby.

After all this bravery, a glimpse of easier times, of happy wanderings and extravagances, and the sudden shutting of that opening door, had been too much for her. To his infinite distress, and evidently to that of the polite agent from the refrigerator company, she had broken, and her father would always remember her despair and her tears.

She herself was ashamed of them. She did not give way to them long. Presently she dried her eyes again and said thickly that she was ashamed of herself. She went to the door with Dick Daniels and stood in the hall with him talking for some minutes; then Oliver heard the ubiquitous Pierce's voice, and then Peggy's again, and more murmuring.

But evidently she had no heart to go dancing or even to a movie tonight. Sidney Pierce went away as Daniels had done, and Oliver heard Peggy's bedroom door slam, and afterward heard her crying. He and Van Dyke shared the smaller bedroom, a tight squeeze for a narrow couch and a bed. Their bureau had to stand in the dining room. Peggy and her mother roomed together. David had a lounge bed in the dining room.

So Oliver had no right to go into his daughter's room, and he knew she would not want to talk to him. He went for a long walk instead, lingering in the bright downtown streets that surged with happy people. The seven-o'clock shows were emitting streams of people, and the nine-o'clock crowds were patiently waiting in the gangways when Oliver came home. His own apartment was dark and still. David was asleep on his lounge; nobody else was at home. He had been on duty at the bank from six o'clock on Thursday evening until noon today; Friday hours were hard hours; he was in need of sleep. He went to bed.

His wife let him sleep late in the morning. It was Saturday, the eve of Christmas Eve. A thousand little signs reminded Oliver of it when he awakened and went into rooms as deserted as they had been when he went to bed the night before. Even Dave was gone now; the older children, of course, were at their downtown offices; his wife was off on some household or social errand.

But there were wreaths at the two street windows; there was a little Christmas tree lying across the laundry tubs; there was the big turkey, wrapped in cloth and put out on the fire escape for refrigeration. And there were stray horns to be heard in distant streets, and the chiming of bells from Hochmeister's big department store five blocks away.

OLIVER ate his eleven-o'clock breakfast in the kitchen, made his bed and hung up his pajamas, read the newspaper. Afterward he went out for a walk and went around to look at the once-beloved, indeed, still-beloved cottage on Brewer Street. He often did this before making his regular Saturday visit to the moving-picture house, hoping every time that someone who loved a little garden and a modest back yard with a chicken house and tool shed had taken possession of "three eighty-three" and turned it into a home again.

Nobody had. On this sunless, overcast, dreary December day it looked more forlorn than ever.

Oliver stood for a while at the gate looking at it. Then he sighed and went away. The warmth and color and entertainment of the movie distracted him, and he came out feeling better.

His spirits sank a little as he reached his own apartment. After today it would not be so bad. But it would be uncomfortable to meet them all for the first time after last night's emotional scenes. It was not his fault that the Ruby people had made their costly mistake, but he felt guilty just the same. However, there was the turkey to consider. He *had* won that. And if they really sent Etty a refrigerator, however it cramped her kitchen, that would be sheer gain, too.

Still, he reflected, crossing the slushy darkness of his own humble street at five o'clock, he would not mind much if a truck knocked him down.

Nothing sensational happened, however. He went upstairs and turned the key in the lock and went in to find his wife alone in the kitchen, ready with his supper. He must be at the bank at six. She had to talk about the prize he had lost, of course; that was Etty. She would talk about it, off and on, for the remainder of their wedded lives. But she talked rather amiably, he thought, and she said that there was not any question of the new refrigerator. A man had been up to see her about it, and had looked at the kitchen.

"But I thought it'd be kind of a pity to get just a little one, Pa," said his wife. "So I told him we were thinking of moving, and I'd rather wait and get a real good-sized one. So he wrote me out an order that's good any time, and he seemed to feel real bad about the mistake."

"But, darling, I didn't give it to you!" GARDNER REA

"WELL, I'm glad you got that much out of it, Ma," Oliver said.

Mrs. Baker was silent for a few minutes as she put his food before him.

"I don't know but what I got more out of it, Pa," she said presently. "I was thinking last night that when folks like you and me, who haven't had any too good a chance, have the nerve to bring three human beings into the world, and undertake to feed 'em right and educate 'em, and give 'em a chance at health and happiness and their own lives, we—well, we *do* something. I don't know as soldiers, that get all the medals, do so much more! As for the children—a good devoted father's something they can't buy for any money, and I had a good mind to tell them all at breakfast that they'd better appreciate him. But—I don't know why—I didn't, somehow."

David came in and said, "Hello, Pop," with no change in his usual manner. He dragged his mother into the adjoining room for a whispered consultation, and went out again. Peggy was the next to appear.

She returned, as always, weary from her work, but tonight she had a bit of holly pinned to her coat collar, and a great animation in her manner. Instantly, as was characteristic of Peggy, she went straight to the point.

"Mom and Dad," said she, suddenly rosy-cheeked, and with a shamed yet determined light in her eyes, "there's something I want to say to you. You know that boy Dick Daniels that came here last night? Well, I used to know him in High. He was a prince then and he's a prince now. He's been living in Chicago and that's why I haven't seen him, but now he's back. You heard me crying last night, Mom, and you saw me go out for a long walk by myself, and I suppose you thought it was because Dad lost that money, or didn't get it. Well, it wasn't that. Dave's folks know Sidney Pierce's folks in Chicago; they live in the same apartment house. And he knows Sid's wife and his little girl. He has a little girl named Norma."

"DIVORCED?" Oliver asked, looking up.

"No, not divorced at all, or anything," Peggy said, in a hard, hurt voice, her narrowed eyes far away. "Married, and just having a good time here. I wanted you to know. Dave met him when he was going away last night, and he said, 'Hello, Sid, how's Ethel and the baby?' Sid didn't say much, but I took it right up. I said, 'Who's Ethel?' and then he told me. He had to, with Dick right there, staring at him. After Dick left," Peggy said, her voice brightening a little at the memory, "I told Sid Pierce where he got off. And then I cried all night.

"Now," Peggy concluded, wiping sudden tears from her eyes but gallant still, "I'm going to the dance tonight with Dick Daniels. I don't want to go, because men make me sick and I hate them all, but Sid is master of ceremonies, and I want him to see my new dress and my hair up and that I'm with a better-looking man than he ever dared to hope to dream of being! I've explained to Dick—he came into the office a minute today, and he understands—and he says, 'You'll have the best time of any girl there!'

"What I wanted you to know, Pop," Peggy said, in a silence, "was that you were right about Sid, and I don't care if you're a night watchman in Castle's Bank or President of the United States, I think you're a swell father and I know I'm the biggest little fool that ever lived!"

"Why, honey—" Oliver faltered, but he could say no more. She had stooped over him from behind and kissed his head against his graying forehead and was gone like a whirlwind into her own room.

"Well!" he said to his wife, after a moment in which they had looked at each other, "seems like I got my girl back!"

"They're good children. They're impatient and they're young," the mother said, "but in their hearts they're real devoted to you, Ollie, and I've always said so. And now," she added, "I've got to tell you what Dave was whispering

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about. It seems a shame to spoil his surprise, and I s'pose you could always change it, but he took his birthday money out of the bank today and he's going to get Pop a nice new reel. It's the one you wanted, too. He came in this afternoon and he was raging about the way we all treated Pop, and nothing else would do but he must get his money out—"

"Hello, Pop!" Van Dyke said, lumbering in, tearing off his heavy coat, throwing his hat into space and reaching for a wedge of cake at one and the same second, "How's the big winner? Say, listen, old man," he added, with his mouth full, "there's just one remark I'd like to make before I go jump in my basket. I've been thinking all day about you winning your dinky little twenty-five thou' last night, and what you thought you'd do with it. And it struck me that you had plans for all of us except good old Oliver himself. I want you and Mom to know that if I ever did want to go to college, I don't now. I'm four years ahead of the other fellers and if a schoolteacher is willing to marry me, as Lucy is, that's all I want. She wants to finish with State Teachers and I want to save up a little, and that's what we're going to do, and any other schooling I need I'll get from my wife. And I don't know a feller who wouldn't change places with me," Van ended.

"You make me feel real happy, son," Oliver faltered.

"I wish to goodness young folks would get it into their heads to say those things to their fathers and mothers now and then!" Etty observed with feeling.

"Well, Luce and I say that if we ever give three kids the chance our folks have given us we'll feel we're darned smart," said Van. "Oh, and Pop!" he added, "there's another thing. I walked 'round to those Brewer Street houses this morning—I was out, anyway, and that's a darned nice, quiet block, and there doesn't seem to be any reason that they're so run down. Just as I got there old Skidmore drove up, and we stood there talking. He said he wished my father was back, because your garden kind of stood for an example to the block and you were always giving the others seeds and slips and so on, and he asked what rent we paid here. I said twenty-five.

"'Well,' he says, 'you tell your father he can come back here for twenty-five.' 'Oh?' I says, 'I thought it was thirty-eight fifty.' 'Not any more,' he says. 'And looky, Van,' he says, 'you tell your father I'll make him a better proposition than that. Tell him if he'll use his spare time getting those other cottages into shape and straightening out the gardens, I'll give him an agent's commission and I'll pay him for his time.' So there's your key, old turkey-winner," concluded Van, tossing a key across the table, "and you go 'round there tomorrow and see what you think of the proposition. I told him I'd bet him odds that you'd move in sometime in January."

"OLLIE, quarter to six," said his wife.

"Yes'm, I'll have to get to the bank," Oliver Baker said. He got up with a young lift to his bowed shoulders; there was youth in his voice. He picked up his old coat and his son held it for him.

"Take care of yourself, old man, and don't worry about us, we've got all we want," Van said.

"If ever I see another twenty-five-thousand-dollar prize," Oliver said, "I'm goin' to try for it, and pray to God I don't win it!"

He was trying to laugh, but his eyes were brimming and his cheeks wet.

"It looks like the Baker family's going to have a merry Christmas!" he said.

HAIRLINE HARRY

ALAN FOSTER

Nabbed in the Lab

Continued from page 33

worth while. It has proved that the human blood on a suspect's coat was the same type as the blood of his murdered wife, and not, as he claimed, the blood of an accident victim whom, he said, he had rendered first aid.

Identifying animal blood is no less ingenious. Animals are extraordinarily sensitive to the blood of other animals. The laboratory builds up antichicken serum by injecting a rabbit with small doses of chicken blood, increasing the doses gradually for six weeks until the rabbit is immune to the foreign matter. Then the rabbit is bled slightly. His blood has developed the ability to repel chicken blood, and when suspected blood serum is mixed with the anti-chicken serum made from the immunized rabbit, the two will react if the suspected blood is chicken, be unchanged if it is other blood. By patiently injecting rabbits, the laboratory has a collection of serums by which it can identify the blood of human, deer, sheep, duck, horse, beef, hog, chicken—and rabbit itself. To make the anti-rabbit serum, rabbit blood was shot into a chicken.

Likewise a stray hair can be defined as human or animal and, if human, in some cases as to the race of the person from which it came, and if animal, what animal.

The FBI has a collection of dozens of animal hairs, including antelope, agouti, armadillo, gibbon, gorilla, lynx, marmoset, orangutan and all the more usual wild and domesticated beasts.

There are other collections, of fibers and yarns, rope and twine, heels and soles, tire treads, typewriter type standards, firearms and ammunition and headlight lenses.

All these things mean little, however, without the microscopes. The comparison microscopes, built to order for the FBI, magnify 2,300 times. These are the terrible eyes that probe into an infinite world, closed completely to the normal sight of the keenest man.

These are the eyes that are constantly looking over the criminal's shoulder, discerning flaws in what a few short years ago would have been the perfect crime, seeing into a man's soul and into the past—unwavering, infallible, incorruptible eyes.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES UP GELATINE DIET

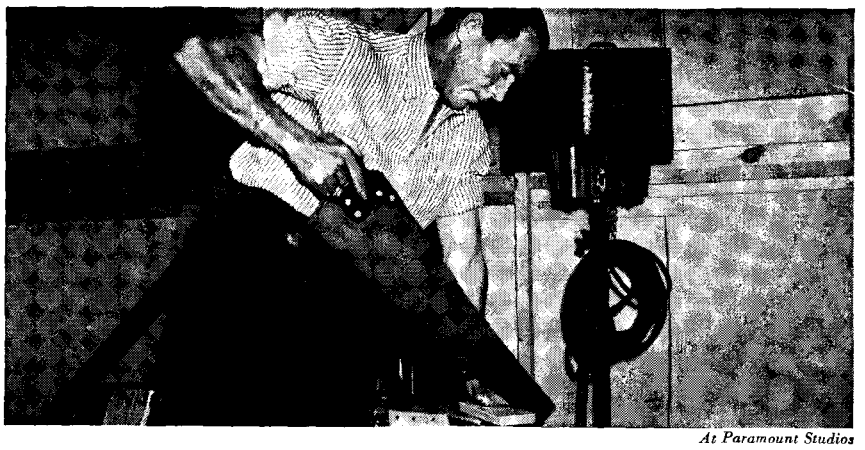
Certified tests made at major Hollywood studios add to impressive proof that Knox Gelatine does promote vitality and combat fatigue.

Scene from current RKO picture "Reno"

CASTING DIRECTOR says: "Selecting a cast for a major production is nerve-wracking work. I really needed relaxing exercise at the end of the day, but was too exhausted to make the effort." Now reports taking Knox Gelatine regularly vastly relieved nervous tension. Feels enthusiasm for physical exercise. Far less fatigue after work. Others tested at same studio report similar benefits from taking Knox Gelatine regularly.

Paramount Publicity Writer (center)

"SOCIAL CONTACTS are most important to me. Yet I found myself too fatigued to attend parties or exert myself in any way after actual office hours." Now taking Knox Gelatine regularly. Says that "late hours hold no terrors." Enjoys deeper, more restful sleep; and added vigor keeps her feeling vital and alive throughout the evening. Others in writer group tested are unanimous in praise of Knox Gelatine for greater endurance.



At Paramount Studios

PROPERTY MEN—"GRIPS"— "We're behind the scenes, but our efficiency has a lot to do with the success of a picture. A tired man can make costly mistakes. I used to be so tired after work I couldn't do anything but fall into bed." On the Knox Gelatine routine, says he definitely enjoys more pep and vigor. Sleeps more soundly. Has energy to spare after hard day. Other workers in test group also report they are equally benefited by Knox Gelatine.

Fight Fatigue With

KNOX GELATINE

HOW TO TAKE KNOX GELATINE FOR MORE VIM AND ENDURANCE

Empty 1 envelope (¼ package) of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 envelopes a day. Take faithfully for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue and resume when you feel the need.

CAUTION: Be sure to use Knox. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Only Knox is *proved* to have the necessary elements. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 70.

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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 18

Then we will pass from the unpleasant subject and not refer to it again. It is fairly widely known, Mr. Welman, that you—admired Mary Gerrard. That is, I think, true?"

Roddy got up and stood by the window. He played with the blind tassel. He said: "Yes."

"You fell in love with her?"

"I suppose so."

"Ah—and you are now brokenhearted by her death—"

"I—I suppose—I mean—well, really, M. Poirot—"

He turned—a nervous, irritable, sensitive creature at bay.

Hercule Poirot said: "If you could just tell me—just show me clearly—then it would be finished with."

Roddy Welman sat down in a chair. He did not look at the other man. He spoke in a series of jerks: "It's very difficult to explain. Must we go into it?"

Poirot said: "One cannot always turn aside and pass by from the unpleasantness of life, Mr. Welman! You say you *suppose* you cared for this girl. You are not sure, then?"

Roddy said: "I don't know. . . . She was so lovely. Like a dream. . . . That's what it seems like now. A dream! Not real! All that—my seeing her first—my—well, my infatuation for her! A kind of madness! And now everything is finished—gone. . . . As though—as though it had never happened."

Poirot nodded his head. . . .

He said: "Yes, I understand. . . ."

He added: "You were not in England yourself at the time of her death?"

"No, I went abroad on July 9th and returned on August 1st. Elinor's telegram followed me about from place to place. I hurried home as soon as I got the news."

Poirot said: "It must have been a great shock to you. You had cared for the girl very much."

Roddy said, and there was bitterness and exasperation in his voice: "Why should these things happen to one? It's not as though one wished them to happen! It is contrary to all—to all one's ordered expectation of life!"

Hercule Poirot said: "Ah, but life is like that! It does not permit you to arrange and order it as you will. It will not permit you to escape emotion, to live by the intellect and by reason! You cannot say: 'I will feel so much and no more.' Life, Mr. Welman, whatever else it is, is not reasonable!"

Roderick Welman murmured: "So it seems. . . ."

Poirot said: "A spring morning—a girl's face—and the well-ordered sequence of existence is routed."

RODDY winced and Poirot went on: "Sometimes it is little more than that—a face. What did you really know of Mary Gerrard, Mr. Welman?"

Roddy said heavily: "What did I know? So little—I see that now. She was sweet, I think, and gentle—but really I know nothing—nothing at all. . . . That's why, I suppose, I don't miss her. . . ."

His antagonism and resentment were gone now. He spoke naturally and simply. Hercule Poirot, as he had a knack of doing, had penetrated the other's defenses. Roddy seemed to feel a certain relief in unburdening himself.

He said: "Sweet—gentle—not very clever. Sensitive, I think, and kind. She had a refinement that you would not expect to find in a girl of her class."

"Was she the kind of girl who would make enemies unconsciously?"

Roddy shook his head vigorously. "No, no, I can't imagine anyone disliking her—really disliking her, I mean. Spite is different."

Poirot said quickly: "Spite? So there was spite, you think?"

Roddy said absently: "Must have been—to account for that letter."

Poirot said sharply: "What letter?"

Roddy flushed and looked annoyed. He said: "Oh! nothing important."

Poirot repeated: "What letter?"

"An anonymous letter."

"When did it come? To whom was it written?"

Rather unwillingly Roddy explained.

Hercule Poirot murmured: "It is interesting, that. Can I see it, this letter?"

"Afraid you can't. I burned it."

"Now, why did you do that?"

Roddy said rather stiffly: "It seemed the natural thing to do at the time."

POIROT said: "And in consequence of this letter, you and Miss Carlisle went hurriedly down to Hunterbury?"

"We went down, yes. I don't know about 'hurriedly.' "

"But *you* were a little uneasy, were you not? Perhaps a little alarmed?"

Roddy said even more stiffly: "I won't admit that."

Hercule Poirot cried: "But surely that was only natural! Your inheritance—that which was promised you—was in jeopardy! Surely it is natural that you should be unquiet about the matter! Money, it is very important!"

"Not as important as you make out."

Poirot said: "Such unworldliness is indeed remarkable!"

Roddy flushed. He said: "Oh, of course, the money did matter to us. We weren't completely indifferent to it. But our main object was to—to see my aunt and make sure she was all right."

Poirot said: "You went down there with Miss Carlisle. At that time your aunt had not made a will. Shortly afterward she had another attack of her illness. She then wishes to make a will, but conveniently for Miss Carlisle, perhaps, she dies that night before that will can be made."

"Look here, what are you hinting at?"

Roddy's face was wrathful.

Poirot answered him like a flash: "You have told me, Mr. Welman, as regards the death of Mary Gerrard, that the motive attributed to Elinor Carlisle is absurd—that she was, emphatically, not that kind of person. But there is now another interpretation. Elinor Carlisle had reason to fear that she might be disinherited in favor of an outsider. The letter has warned her—her aunt's broken murmurings confirm that fear. In the hall below is an attaché case with various drugs and medical supplies. It is easy to abstract a tube of morphine. And afterward, so I have learned, she sits in the sickroom alone with her aunt while you and the nurses are at dinner. . . ."

Roddy cried:

"M. Poirot, what are you suggesting now? That Elinor killed Aunt Laura? Of all the ridiculous ideas!"

Poirot said: "But you know—do you not?—that an order to exhume Mrs. Welman's body has been applied for."

"Yes, I know. But they won't find anything!"

"Suppose they do?"

"They won't!" Roddy spoke positively.

Poirot shook his head: "I am not so sure. And there was only one person, you realize, who would benefit by Mrs. Welman's dying at that moment. . . ."

Roddy sat down. His face was white, and he was shaking a little. He stared at Poirot. Then he said: "I thought—you were on *her* side. . . ."

Hercule Poirot said: "Whatever side one is on, one must face facts! I think, Mr. Welman, that you have so far preferred in life to avoid facing an awkward truth whenever it is possible."

Roddy said: "Why harrow oneself by looking on the worst side?"

Hercule Poirot replied gravely: "Because it is sometimes necessary. . . ."

He paused a moment and then said: "Let us face the possibility that your aunt's death may be found to be due to the administration of morphine. What then?"

Roddy shook his head helplessly. "I don't know."

"But you must try to think. Who could have given it to her? You must admit that Elinor Carlisle had the best opportunity to do so."

"What about the nurses?"

"Either of them could have done so, certainly. But Nurse Hopkins was concerned about the disappearance of the tube at the time and mentioned it openly. There was no need for her to do so. The death certificate had been signed. Why call attention to the missing morphine if she were guilty? It will probably bring her censure for carelessness as it is, and if she poisoned Mrs. Welman it was surely idiotic to draw attention to the morphine. Besides, what could she gain by Mrs. Welman's death? Nothing. The same applies to Nurse O'Brien. She could have administered morphine, could have taken it from Nurse Hopkins' case, but again—*why should she?*"

RODDY shook his head. "All that's true enough."

Poirot said: "Then there is yourself."

Roddy started like a nervous horse: "*Me?*"

"Certainly. You could have abstracted the morphine. You could have given it to Mrs. Welman! You were alone with her for a short period that night. But again, why should you? If she lived to make a will, it is at least probable that you would have been mentioned in it. So again, you see, there is no motive. Only two people had a motive."

Roddy's eyes brightened. *"Two* people?"

"Yes. One was Elinor Carlisle."

"And the other?"

Poirot said slowly: "The other was the writer of that anonymous letter."

Roddy looked incredulous.

Poirot said: "Somebody wrote that letter—somebody who hated Mary Gerrard or at least disliked her—somebody who was, as they say, 'on your side.' Somebody, that is, who did not want Mary Gerrard to benefit at Mrs. Welman's death. Now have you any idea, Mr. Welman, who the writer of that letter could be?"

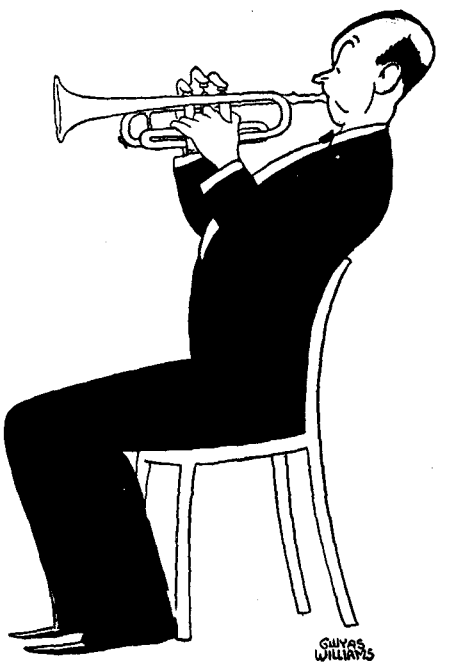
(To be continued next week)

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

12—TRUMPET

Remember this about the TRUMPET
You either have to like or lump it.
Some want it sweet, some want it martial
But no one ever is impartial.
In old times, at a trumpet call
A regiment would scale a wall
But now the army, getting frugal,
Just wakes them with a blatant bugle.
To sound it tinny and acute
You stuff it with a pointed mute—
(With dance bands derby hats are normal
But symphonies are more informal.)
Some trumpeters assert it's best
To play it close against the chest
But even they are due to jump
When Angel Gabriel plays his trump.



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Britain's Money Master

Continued from page 27

"We did not know how soon we might have to come to grips with the enemy. Obviously we could not dash into Central Europe to help Poland with all the help she immediately required. There might have been criticism by those who think that Britain never is serious unless we had a drastic, immediate war budget.

"Public reception has been remarkable," Sir John declared. "I will tell you why. We set a high 'standard rate' of taxation and while we increased the scale at the top we reduced exemptions at the bottom, thus placing additional burdens on both ends.

"I am not in favor of a 'soak-the-rich' policy. There are not enough rich for us to raise all the moneys we need, even if we took everything away from them. The top looked down and saw that the bottom had also been taxed; the bottom looked up and saw that the top had further severe taxation imposed upon it. This made for a sort of solidarity among the people.

"You can never persuade the House of Commons or the British people to accept any taxation which simply hits one section of the population."

I asked whether the severity of the emergency budget would be maintained in the future.

Simon said: "Budgets cannot be framed far in advance but depend upon the conditions to be faced at the time; the state of prosperity, the savings and needs to which money must be put.

"My general concern, however, was to set a standard which we could maintain for the war years.

"There were arguments against this course. Some said it was better if we started our taxation lower and worked up gradually. My feeling was that the people, having once stood severe taxation at the beginning, would square up to what in fact is essential and would have greater confidence in carrying on the war.

"Suppose, for example, we handed out gas masks, saying these would be good for a couple of months—but better ones would be issued later. This would create a feeling of uncertainty. So it might have been with the budget.

"It was said high taxation might injure the prospects of loans to be raised. But loans are chiefly raised out of the saving reserves of big institutions. If people are given a definite indication what their tax burdens are, it makes their preparations more consistent; whereas taxation which constantly rises is confusing.

"The present budget is the standard for the war."

Better Advance Planning

By legend Britain notoriously muddles through most wars, frequently winning the last battle even if she loses all the others.

There is criticism of the muddle in England today. Simon pointed out: "Never before in the history of England did we depend less upon improvisations and more upon advance planning than ... the present war.

"When it became evident that Hitler's actions were leading to continued aggression and therefore the time of challenge had almost approached, we began to consider defense schemes—such as those dealing with evacuation, requisitions of materials, gas masks. We devoted considerable thought to these schemes, not because we intended to launch an attack on anybody but because we realized we would soon have to defend ourselves.

"We laid down a five-year defensive program in 1936 calling for an expenditure for armaments of one billion five hundred million pounds—seven billion five hundred million dollars. But within three years this sum was used up and we shall have to call for more.

"Of course some of our preparations were not exactly right. We have had to reconsider many of our plans.

"It is stimulating to work in a really democratic atmosphere during a war. Not only is the national unity as we are experiencing it a perfectly wonderful spectacle but it is stirring to realize how open criticism can still be in this country. And you know there has been no shirking of criticism. But honest criticism helps keep you up to scratch. And, believe me, in wartime a politician has to keep twenty times better-tempered than at any other time.

Next Door to Fame

"The existence and the maintenance of our export trade is an essential part of our economic policy. It is the way in which we provide ourselves with dollars and foreign exchange for the prosecution of the war and the raw materials needed for our population. It is as important to breathe out as to breathe in, especially so for the British organism."

I asked the British government's No. 1 formula maker and document framer about the British war aims.

Sir John pulled out the middle drawer of his desk. From it he took his diary. From his diary he read me Premier Chamberlain's statement of September 21st on Britain's aim to redress Europe from fear of German aggression and "enable the peoples of Europe to preserve their independence and their liberty."

"We cannot state our war aims in geographic terms," added Sir John. "We fight for a free life. We cannot draw the lines of such a life on a map. I feel we are fighting as the advance guard for democracy. And that gives us enormous strength and stimulus.

"Whether democracy, as we know it, is really able to discipline itself and meet the challenge of any other system, especially the hateful system of Hitler, is the test before us."

Sir John reminded me Lord Baldwin was fond of saying that democracy is the most difficult system to work; Britain's purpose is to prove it the best.

Sir John Simon is a product of the stubborn British achievement in self-government and democracy. He has had a long and distinguished career, serving as Minister under four kings—Edward the Seventh, George the Fifth, Edward the Eighth and now George the Sixth. His speech in Parliament that broke the general strike of 1929 is historic. He is a man of surprises. His star fluctuates. He lacks the picturesque faults or mannerisms of some of his contemporaries to make him better understood by the people. Who would expect one brought up in a strictly nonconformist home to show himself in gay colors? But he is an unexpected tower of strength in a crisis. As former Foreign Minister he has played an important part in the drama which has ended in the present war: his role has been criticized: the denouement and history will give the true verdict.

At No. 11 he must answer for a good deal of Britain's future. What of his own future? For the moment all one can say is that No. 11 is next door to No. 10.

"Didn't Little Boys Get Trains, Grandpa?"

"No, sonny, not when I was a little boy. You see, Santa Claus hadn't learned how to make electric trains, or automobiles, or airplanes then. I used to get a jackknife or a pair of mittens for Christmas. You're a lucky boy!"

BOYS and girls aren't the only lucky ones these days. Just check over the things you have, and ask yourself how many of them a family like yours could have had even a generation ago. Certainly not your radio or your electric refrigerator. Probably not your automobile, or even your electric lights. And there are thousands of other things—now available in a wide variety and at a reasonable price—that were unknown or prohibitively expensive only a few years ago.

Yes, we say we are lucky today. But it wasn't luck that made all these things available to us. It was American industry—its scientists, engineers, and workmen—who developed these new products, improved them, made them less expensive so that more millions of people can enjoy them.

More than any other one thing, the increasing use of electricity in industry has helped in this progress. For more than 60 years, General Electric has pioneered in making electricity more useful to the American people in creating More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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The War of the Juices

Continued from page 25

has a convincing way of proving that properly canned juice is as good as the fresh juice.

"At the service club luncheons I put a pitcher of juice out of cans on the table and these fellows who know their orange juice lap it up, thinking it is the fresh stuff," he said. "If they can't tell the difference, who can?"

The trick in canning the juice, apparently, is to use ripe quality fruit, not culls, and see that it gets into the cans a matter of seconds after it is pasteurized at 180 degrees, which temperature stabilizes the solids equally throughout the liquid.

In the big orange products plant at Ontario, where they utilize everything in the orange, extracting oil from the skin, pectin from the albedo (pulp to you and me), concentrate for orangeade from the juice, elixir for medical uses, they pack very little straight juice. When you watch Mr. Paul Armstrong pick up an orange and lose himself in admiration, you understand why.

"Compare that orange," he exclaims, "to the plated tin can. An orange is a marvel of packaging. Every drop of juice is in a sack, every segment is a bundle of hundreds of juice sacks, the whole is surrounded by a white pulp that insulates against heat and cold, and that's protected by thousands of oil cells. You can't beat an orange tree when it comes to packaging."

While all the metropolitan sectors were becoming citrus-minded, something equally astonishing was taking place out on the Western range. For many years the cowboy would tuck a can or two of tomatoes in the saddle bag before riding off to wrangle cattle or patrol the forests. Canned tomatoes were known as "ranger's delight," or just plain "delight," this nickname arising from the exquisite sensation experienced when, in the course of a dusty trip, a rider pulled out a can, punched a hole in it and let the refreshing juice trickle down his parched throat.

Tomato juice swept the country in something like a tidal wave. From nothing in 1926, the business grew by leaps to a hundred million cans in 1934 and half a billion last year. The tomato producers were quick to see that their juice ought to have a vitamin angle and, much to their elation, scientific experiments in several colleges revealed a right smart quota of the very vitamins found in orange juice, to wit, A, B and C. And some fancy minerals such as iron, manganese and copper, to boot!

Like the orange growers, the tomato men have a lively little war going. There are three big tomato-growing areas, number one being New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, number two being Indiana and surrounding territory, while the third is California and Utah. Tomatoes grown in California and Utah are sweeter than those grown in the East. A real tomato-juice connoisseur can smack his lips over the first sip of juice and tell you where it grew. And some like it sweet, and some like it tart.

Speed is a Factor

Tomato juice is a lot harder to put up than canned tomatoes. The fruit has to be gathered when it is just so ripe and no riper. It is rushed to the plant where an application of steam slips the skins loose. The fruit is crushed cold, the juice pasteurized and hustled into cans so fast that it is just about nine minutes from fruit to canned juice. The fewer the minutes the better the juice.

Meantime, in the huge pineapple canneries of Hawaii, rivers of waste juice were running out to the sea because nobody knew what to do with the stuff. Taking stock of this extravagant waste one day, Mr. Atherton Richards, president of the largest of the pineapple companies, ordered his young men to perfect a process for canning juice. They worked out the angles, and shortly a few thousand cases were on their way to the mainland to be marketed. Alas, nobody had ever heard of drinking pineapple. The company finally gave it away as a bonus, one case of juice free with two cases of sliced pineapple. That lasted just about long enough for the juice to reach the customers, who immediately yelled for more.

The juice game is now one that anybody can play in his own home. Last year, the apple men of the Northwest, noting with dismay that it's fashionable to drink your fruits, turned to a pair of Seattle inventors for an efficient machine for taking the juice out of apples, one that any housewife could use. The result is a miniature electric centrifugal juicer that whirls the liquid right out of any solid fruit—apples, pears, peaches, or what will you? And it's not limited to fruit either. Just feed them to the jiffy juicer, and you can drink your carrots, cabbage, turnips, string beans or sweet potatoes. That is, if you want to.

One of the amazing angles to the juice game is that as each new juice came on the market, it made a place for itself without decreasing the sale of another juice. Prior to 1929, the only juices canned in significant quantities were grape juice and sweet apple cider. Orange juice, sold fresh, was already well established. Came tomato juice, pineapple juice, grapefruit juice and canned orange juice, without affecting the demand for any of the pioneer three. Then followed cranberry, loganberry, papaya, passion fruit juice, peach, apricot, cherry, strawberry and several others.

It was an evil day for the prune growers when this juice game started. Even in boardinghouses where a dish of prunes used to be the standard breakfast opener, a glass of juice replaced the old stand-by. There was weeping among the prune men until one day, not long ago, Mr. Alvin Long, one of their smart merchandise men, said, "Heck, there's juice in prunes, and vitamins too. Let's sell prune juice."

So now you drink your prune juice. And feel just great!

Sky Flivvers

Continued from page 21

and when the year was over and everything added up it was revealed that in these colleges three hundred and thirty students had qualified for and received pilots' licenses. All of them were trained in our so-called flivver planes.

Now if a college lad has finished his prescribed seventy-two-hour ground course, his controlled instruction course with a minimum of thirty-five hours in the air, it does not mean that he can immediately hop into a flying fortress or a 400-mile-an-hour pursuit plane and handle it with ease and dexterity. It does mean, however, that he has the basis for military and naval flying proficiency and it does mean that he will be of value to either of the flying services with a comparatively small amount of extra training.

It must be remembered that, counting everything, it costs the country about $25,000 to produce a well-trained, competent Army aviator. The mental mortality among embryo Army pilots is terrific. Even after a rigorous physical and mental examination a great percentage of them never become proficient enough to wear wings. The attempted training of these deadheads is an expensive process.

The C.A.A. had this in the back of its mind when it began to experiment. Today there are 26,144 men and women in this country holding pilots' certificates. Robert H. Hinckley, now chairman of the C.A.A., has predicted that there will be 70,000 pilots in this country by the end of 1941.

The success of the college venture last year was startling. There was no trouble at all this year in securing an appropriation of $4,000,000 to carry on the program. Today youngsters in three hundred colleges are learning to fly, and they are learning to fly our flivvers of the air. By next June, 11,000 pilot licenses will be distributed to lads who never flew before. Eleven thousand new potential customers for the makers of light planes; 11,000 potential pilots available for the specialized training needed by war pilots.

The college youngsters receive the same vigorous physical examination given to candidates for Army or Naval air service. This is the most stringent examination possible and about fifteen per cent of the final group is disqualified. Last year only three of the 333 who were picked failed to receive licenses.

The flying course at the colleges, incidentally, is handled just like any other course. The student pays a laboratory fee of forty dollars. This covers insurance and part of the expense of hiring instructors. Many of the colleges give ordinary university credits to students successfully completing the course.

The co-operation of the Civil Aeronautics Authority and its sister, the Air Safety Board, has been a real shot in the arm to the light-plane industry. For years this patient little industry has been struggling along without benefit of government help and with little public encouragement. They finally sold themselves to both government and public on just one thing—performance. Piper, Taylorcraft and Aeronca are all building excellent, safe airplanes that have proved themselves. The newcomers in the field, Luscombe with its metal plane and others, are coming fast.

They have survived disinterest and ridicule. Henry Ford was once up against the same things. But they soon stopped laughing at him and his flivvers. Today the light-plane manufacturers are proud to have their airplanes called flivvers. They are easy to handle, they get you there safely, they are fun to fly and they are inexpensive. These are four attributes that are bound to sell any commodity used for transportation.

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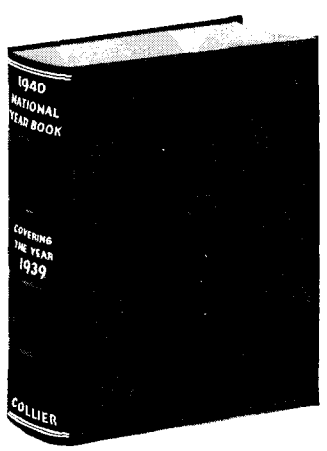

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LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Much Ado About Popguns

THE Christmas season seems a good time to squeeze out a little balm for those earnest souls who are worried about the war boom in toy tanks, tin soldiers, model bombers, etc., among American children. One of these souls, somewhere in Maryland, went so far recently as to procure an official ban on children's Maginot Lines and Westwalls in vacant lots.

We certainly have no desire to see a militaristic generation grow up in the United States. But it seems to us that the earnest souls are overlooking an elementary principle of human nature.

That principle is: The harder you try to live your children's lives for them and to model their opinions after yours, the harder they will strive to live their own lives and form their own opinions. Too bad, maybe, you being a model citizen with some very fine opinions, but true.

Wise parents, therefore, confine their habit-molding pretty strictly to teaching the children to eat with their forks and to keep their new scout knives out of their little friends' bicycle tires and gullets. As for opinion-forming, wise parents try to acquaint their children with all the views on important matters current in the world in their generation, so that the children can choose, and develop independent thinking in the process.

The likeliest militarists of twenty years hence are children whose superpacifist parents are now struggling to keep them ignorant of toys that spit fire or thutter like machine guns or charge around the bathtub going siss-boom. The next generation's levelheads are the children who are now being allowed to work off normally their normal interest in war and adventure.

Nice Going, Mr. Arnold

WE HEREBY withdraw some of the morose misgivings with which we viewed the birth, a year or so ago, of Thurman Arnold's and Senator O'Mahoney's antimonopoly committee. It looked to us then like nothing but the ancient and dishonorable trust-busting hokum. It looks better now.

In his crusade against monopoly in the building industry, Mr. Arnold is playing no favorites that we can see among contractors, materials men, architects and building-trades unions or union leaders who have been working together or separately to keep the building industry on the fritz.

Of course, Mr. Arnold ought to play no favorites. Anybody should be cracked down on who keeps home or business builders from getting the newest and most economical materials and methods, or forces them to hire more help than the job needs, or loops them with graft or extortion, or fixes building prices illegally, or foments unjustified jurisdictional strikes.

But up to now the strong inclination of prosecutors has been to pretend that building-trades unions could not possibly be guilty of such practices, when, as a matter of fact, plenty of them have been and are, and everybody knows it.

Arnold is grasping the nettle and obtaining indictments right and left against everybody whom he suspects of keeping building prices too high in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. Labor leaders whose toes are being mashed are screaming with pain and swearing revenge but up to this writing Arnold hasn't backe water.

We see no reason why he should. The rank and file of building-union labor, no matter what its leaders may say, is intelligent enough, we believe, to realize that if Arnold can pull building costs down materially, there will be more and steadier work for said building labor to do. How that prospect can do Arnold or his political friends any harm at the polls any time anywhere escapes us.

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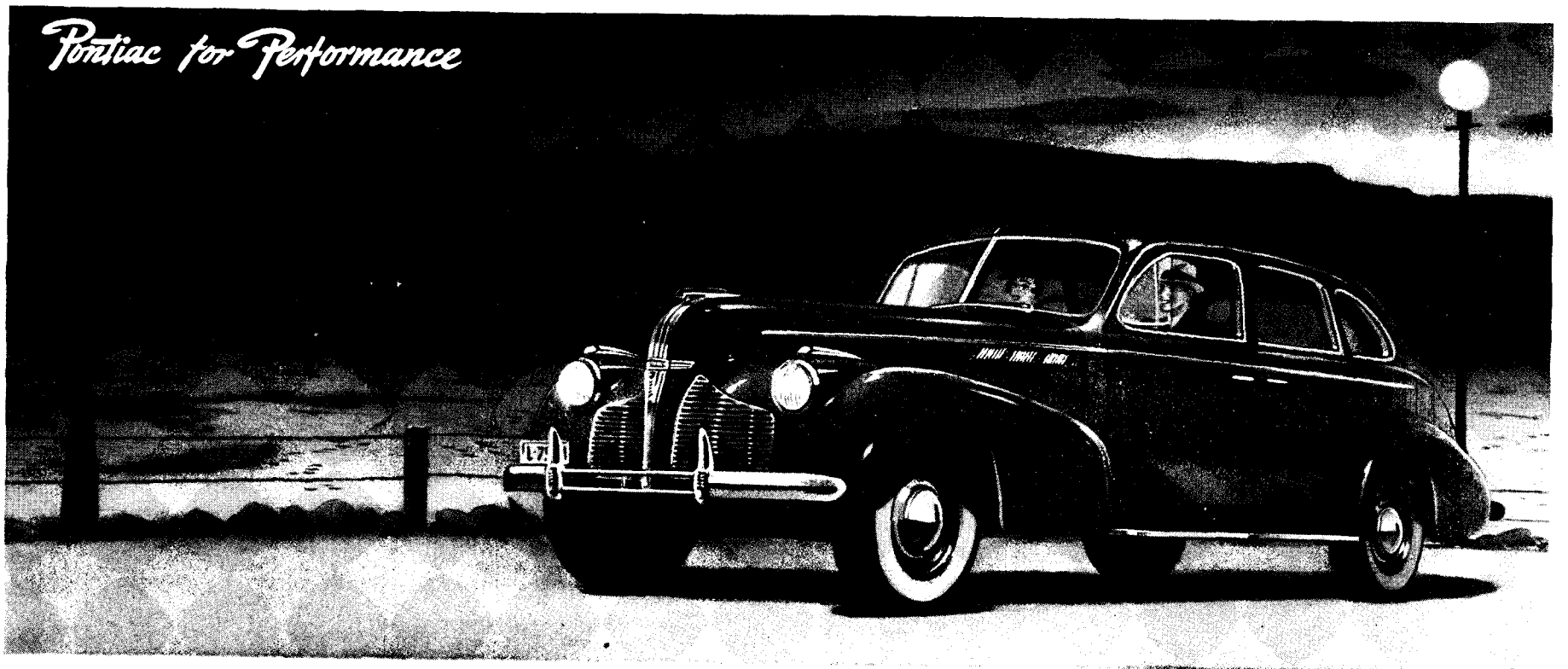

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First, satisfy yourself about performance. We're certain you'll find Pontiac's engine smoother—its ride more comfortable—its handling easier and more certain. Then find out what *others* think. Talk to a few people selected at random. Get *their* opinions as to the relative merits of the cars you're testing. Next—try parking in exclusive surroundings—and see which car gets the most admiring glances. Once more, you'll hand the palm to your Pontiac!

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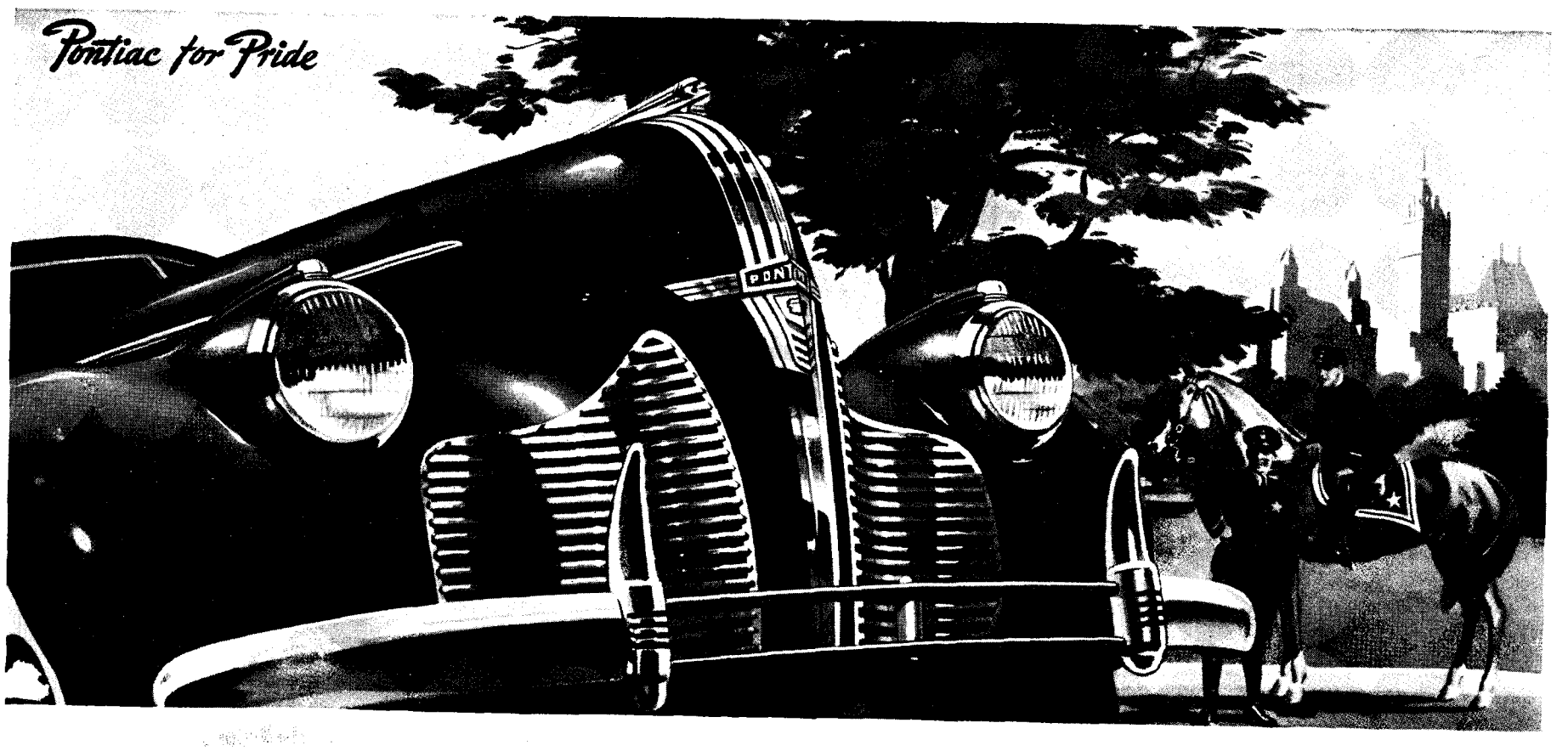

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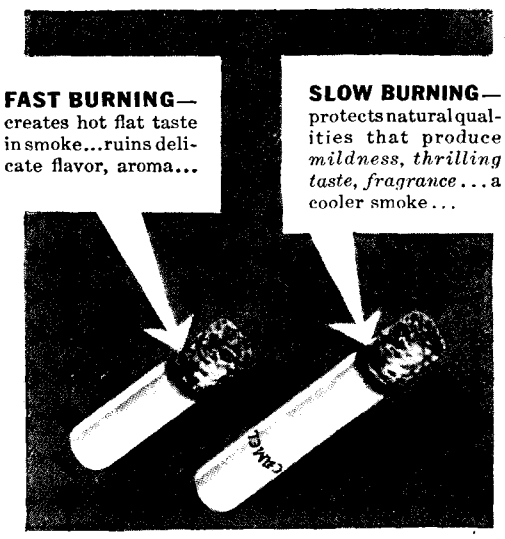
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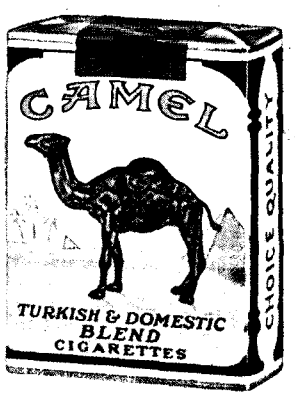

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